THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 11, 1928

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Get a tube of Forhan's For the Gums to-day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's For the Gums, following the directions in the leaflet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. At all chemists.

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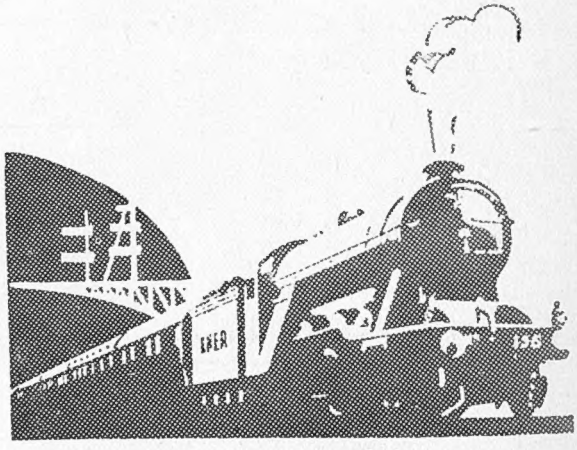

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The Bystander, July 11, 1928 No. 1282. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY W. S. HUTTON

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

C

So easy to open now....

DEWAR'S
WHISKY

For your greater convenience — now fitted with the easy opening cap

no corkscrew

–just lift the little lever

Press up with Thumb

Lift up little lever

Tear off Capsule

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Topical

AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT

Members of Harrow School photographed during a not unimportant part of the Speech Day proceedings. In the centre is C. Ford, a son of the Dean of York, late Headmaster of the School

Central Press

"THE LADIES"

A graceful addition to the personalities at Harrow Speech Day were the "ladies" who took part in the plays. The photograph shows M. W. Hemans, F. H. Lee-Washington, and P. Stephenson

British Illus.

A DISTINGUISHED "O.H."

The Prime Minister with Miss Betty Baldwin, who visited Harrow for Speech Day. At the cheering on the steps which followed speeches, Mr. Baldwin was given a particularly enthusiastic reception

SPEECH DAY PERSONALITIES ON "THE HILL"

Goodwood

THE death of the late Duke of Richmond has closed Goodwood for the annual party bidden to meet the King, and this year His Majesty will be the guest of the Hon. Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux at a large house they have taken near Petworth, some twelve miles from the course.

This, I think I am right in saying, is the fourth time only in a long succession of years that Royalty has not been entertained at Goodwood House for the races. The first time was when the late Duke of Richmond and King Edward, then Prince of Wales, had a difference of opinion as to one of the guests the Prince wished to be invited. The other two occasions were after the death of Queen Victoria and after the death of King Edward himself.

The King's Host

SIR HEDWORTH MEUX is the second of the Earl of Durham's seven brothers, and a retired Admiral of the Fleet. As Captain Hedworth Lambton he commanded the *Victoria and Albert* in the first two years of King Edward's reign. Eighteen years ago he married the widow of the late Viscount Chelsea, and a year after the marriage he assumed the name of Meux by Royal licence upon inheriting a large fortune and Theobald's Park at Waltham Cross from Lady Meux, the widow of the immensely rich brewer. Much of the Meux wealth came from a brewery at the junction of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, now pulled down.

Lady Meux is an aunt of Lord Alington and the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, better known as Miss Lois Sturt. By her marriage to Lord Chelsea she had five daughters and no son, consequently the Cadogan earldom passed to her brother-in-law on the death of the late Earl Cadogan. All five daughters made brilliant marriages. One, the Marchioness of Blandford, is a future duchess; another, Lady Stanley, is a future countess; a third, Lady Hillingdon, is a baroness; and the husbands of the two others, Mr. Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Gordon-Gilmour, are future baronets.

Mrs. Gordon-Gilmour, you will remember, went as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York on the tour in Australia and New Zealand. Her husband was a

ONLOOKERS AT THE ALDERSHOT SHOW

Photographs

MAJOR AND MRS. MC CREER

MAJOR GRAHAM (left) WITH MAJOR AND MRS. CLIFTON

Alfieri

CAPT. GILL (left) WITH MAJOR AND MRS. BAMFORD

The Aldershot Command Horse Show opened in a blaze of sunshine which was a happy omen of its success. Entries in all classes were very good, and there was an exceptionally big attendance of onlookers, some of whom are seen above

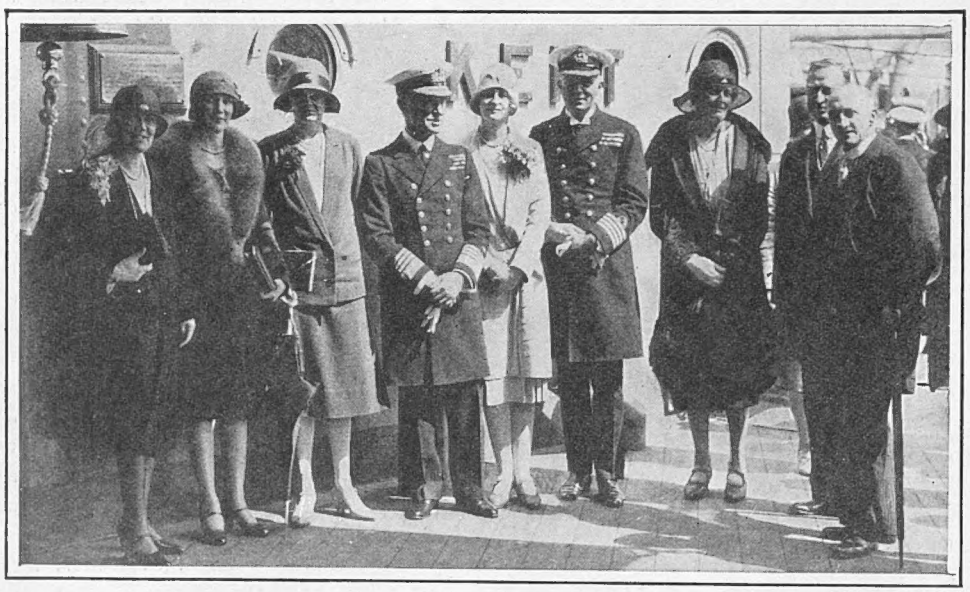
nephew of the late Lady Mary Trefusis, who at the time of her death had been in the Queen's service for thirty-two years, as Lady-in-Waiting when the Queen was Duchess of York, and as Woman of the Bedchamber when Her Majesty became Princess of Wales and Queen.

An Official Denial

GOSSIP and imagination play such big parts in the stories told of Royal doings and intentions that if those concerned took the trouble to deny them we should have official *démentis* every day. But one story the Prince of Wales has found it necessary to explode. This was to the effect that he was getting tired of riding and was going in for a pilot's certificate in order that he might fly his own aeroplane.

This statement, naturally, alarmed a good many of the lieges. Those who believed the story will be pleased to hear that "There is not an atom of truth in the suggestion," and that "flying as such does not interest the Prince in the very least. He uses a Service machine when it offers obvious advantages as a means of transport, but he has no desire to fly for the sake of flying."

Now, in the face of this definite statement, I wonder where all the details of this story came from? Some people certainly have vivid imaginations, and, moreover, somewhat unguarded tongues.



Central Press

A NEW FLAGSHIP FOR THE EAST

A group photographed on board the 10,000 tons cruiser Kent, which has recently left Chatham to be the flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Y. Tyrwhitt, Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. The group includes Lady Madden, Lady Camden, Lady Stanhope, Admiral Sir Edwin Alexander-Sinclair, Miss Sutherland, and Captain J. Wolfe Murray, R.N., in command of the Kent

A Sad Home-coming

IT would be difficult to imagine a sadder home-coming than that of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. They have been so popular in South Africa that Lord Athlone was asked to take on a second term of office as Governor-General of the Union. No Dominion could pay the King's representative a greater compliment than to desire his continuance in the office.

It was arranged that between the two terms they should come to England on leave of absence. Princess Alice and her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, have been over, but Lord Athlone has not been in England for five years. Now their visit is overshadowed by the death of Viscount Trematon, their only son, after a motor

accident in the spring in France, and, naturally, they will not wish to entertain or go to entertainments during the month that is left of the Season.

It is curious, after the Queen's four sons, there are now only two male descendants of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, one of the most popular Royalties we ever had. These are the Marquess of Cambridge and his brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge. Lord Cambridge has a daughter; Lord Frederick is unmarried. Their two sisters, the Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Helena Gibbs have no children.

Topical

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN LOWTHER AND THE HON. MRS. LOWTHER

The Queen and Lord Athlone are now the only members of that happy family which lived for so many years at White Lodge in Richmond Park.

Behind the Scenes

It would ill become your Bystander, standing in his little corner and watching *le monde ou l'on s'amuse*, to dot his "i's" or cross his "t's." But odd things happen in that world.

Everybody tells you that money is paramount, and that if you are sufficiently rich Society is just an oyster which will open wide at the tinkle of money-bags. You know just as well as I do what is said. But this isn't true. Money is potent, overwhelmingly potent sometimes. Yet there's something more potent than money, and that is feminine spite.

Listen! A dame from one of the Dominions with an income that would probably send you and me straight into an asylum, came to London and took a house in an expensive square. A few days after the announcement of her arrival at the house she received a letter from a duke's daughter married to a younger son of another duke —a woman she had never even heard of.

PETERBOROUGH PERSONALITIES

Seen at the recent Agricultural and Hound Show

British Illus.

LADY WARRENDER (left) AND LADY HUNLOKE

Alfieri

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Alfieri

MRS. ARKWRIGHT WITH MR. AND MRS. MILLS

Alfieri

MRS. K. H. ADAMSON AND THE HON. GILBERT GREENALL

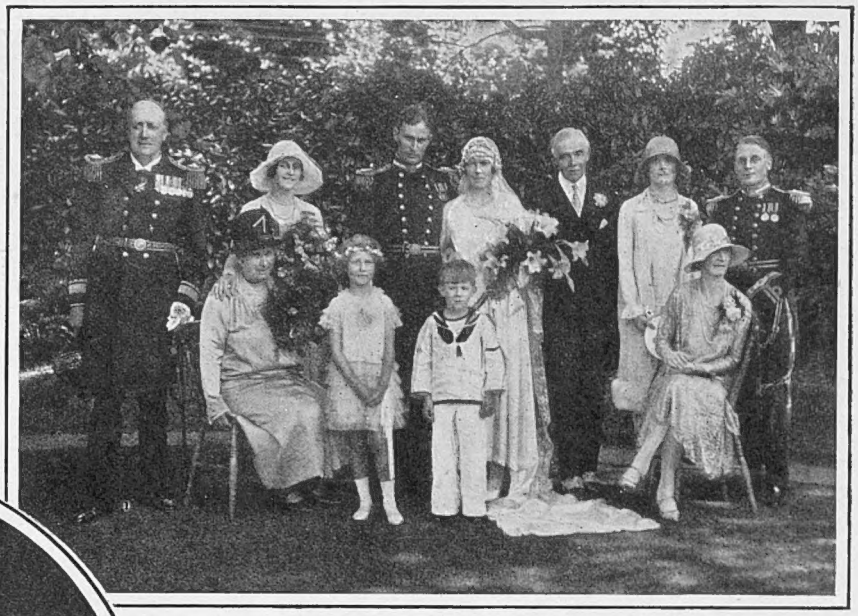
The letter placed the writer's visiting list at the disposal of the dame from the Dominions, with the suggestion that the ducal lady would be delighted to help her in any entertainments she might think of giving.

Nothing definite was said in the letter, but it was clear that the writer expected remuneration for her visiting list and her help—alias her name—in entertaining.

The dame from the Dominions did not see the matter from the point of view of the ducal lady. So she sat herself down and wrote winged words to the effect that she was much obliged by the offer from an absolute stranger, but that she preferred to make her own

acquaintances in London. The result is that the dame from the Dominions has come a positive "howler." The ducal lady went out campaigning against her. And the ducal lady has won! Which shows what an odd world it is. A couple of thousand pounds to the ducal lady and the dame from the Dominions would have been *placée,* with half London pouring into her parties. Now she is left to make her own acquaintances, which she finds parlous dull, and not at all what she expected.

It isn't a pretty story, but it's true.



Russell and Sons

A NAVAL WEDDING

The wedding group photographed after the marriage of Lt. W. R. C. Leggatt, R.N., and Miss D. J. Dreyer, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. C. Dreyer. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church, Alverstoke

Central News

LEAVING ST. MARTIN'S

Mr. J. E. T. Ritchie, eldest son of Sir James Ritchie, Bt., and his bride, Miss Esmé Oldham, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields after their wedding last week. Mrs. Ritchie is the only daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Oldham and Mrs. Oldham, of Ascot

FOUR WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH

Photopress

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. E. J. E. Baker, only son of Mr. Charles Baker and Mrs. Baker, J.P., and his bride, Miss Euvron Mary Jones, photographed after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the only surviving daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Jones and Mrs. Jones, formerly of Brisbane, Queensland, and now of Solva, Pembrokeshire

Central News

AN OXFORD WEDDING

Dr. Kenneth Franklin with his bride, Dr. Ethel Adamson, leaving St. Mary's Church, Oxford, after their wedding. The bridegroom is a Fellow of Oriel College, and the bride is the Resident House Surgeon at the Oxford Eye Hospital

A Painter of Note

I WOULD most sincerely advise you to look in at the exhibition of paintings by M. Marius Hubert-Robert which is being held at the Alpine Club Gallery, in Mill Street, until July 21. M. Hubert-Robert has attained a very eminent position among French painters—some of you may remember his exhibition at the Mansion House in 1915 in aid of war charities—and the present collection includes examples of his work made on recent travels in North Africa.

Peers and Prison

IN the course of some recent delvings into the history of the trials of peers, one or two facts intrigued me considerably. I don't know why peers should be tried by their peers on a matter of bigamy and not on any other breaking of the law, but that undoubtedly is their right.

An outstanding case which thrilled England from end to end during the reign of George III was that of the Duchess of Kingston. As Elizabeth Chudleigh, a Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte, she married secretly a naval lieutenant related to the Earl of Bristol. Wearying of this union, she married the immensely wealthy Duke of Kingston and was had up for bigamy before the House of Lords. Read your Horace Walpole for the account of the trial. It's just as thrilling as anything you read in the newspapers to-day.

The Duchess was found guilty and ordered to be branded on the hand—one of the penalties for bigamy in those days. But she

escaped that by pleading privilege of peerage. But where that privilege came in I don't understand, seeing that the verdict proved her no peeress at all. The Lords made an order forbidding her to leave the country, but she departed notwithstanding, and lived a riotous life on the Continent for years afterwards on the huge fortune left her by her bigamous husband, the Duke of Kingston.

"The Duchess of Holloway"

JUST within the boundary of our own generation a duchess has gone to prison. This was the second wife of the grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland, Mary Duchess of Sutherland.

She was a Mrs. Blair, the widow of an officer in the Highland Light Infantry, when the Duke married her. Three years after the marriage the Duke died. The inevitable result followed closely on the heels of the death of the Duke, and litigation at once arose over the Duke's will between the Duchess and her husband's successor. She received an order from the High Court to go through certain papers at Stafford House — now Lancaster House and the London Museum, but then the town house of the Dukes of Sutherland. Her own lawyers and the lawyers of her stepson, the succeeding Duke, were present.

It was a cold winter's day, and a big fire was blazing in the grate. Suddenly, and before the astonished people present even realised what was passing through her mind, the Duchess, taking a paper from a file of documents, rushed to the fireplace and cast it into the flames. The paper was burnt in an instant.

Her action was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that none of the lawyer people had time to interpose. The sequel to her action was that she was had up for contempt of court, and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment at Holloway. Ever after she was known as the "Duchess of Holloway."

Why she destroyed the paper, what was written upon it, nobody ever knew. Whatever it was, the "Duchess of Holloway" clearly thought its destruction was worth six weeks in prison.

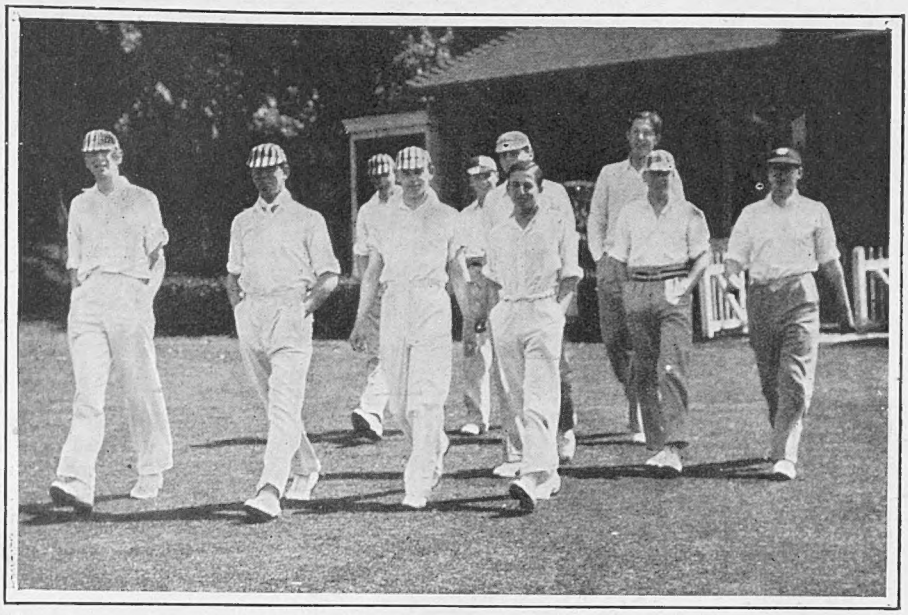


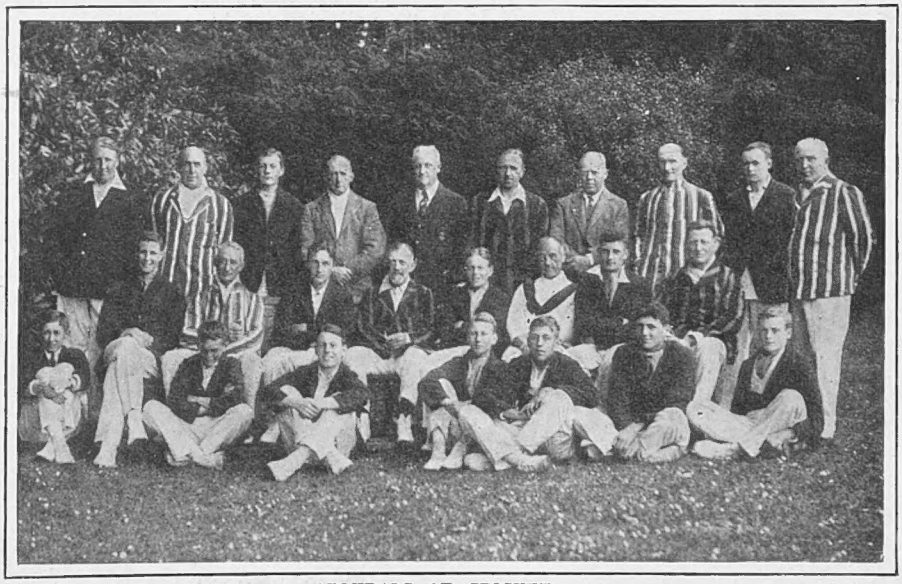
Photo Illus.

THE HARROW XI

The words "Eton and Harrow" will be on everyone's lips at the end of this week. The Harrow XI are seen here going out to field in a recent game, their smiles betokening a confidence of victory

THE ETON XI *Photo Illus.*

The Eton XI photographed going out to field in a recent match. Their classic contest with Harrow takes place at Lord's on Friday and Saturday of this week. Last year the match was drawn for the sixth season in succession



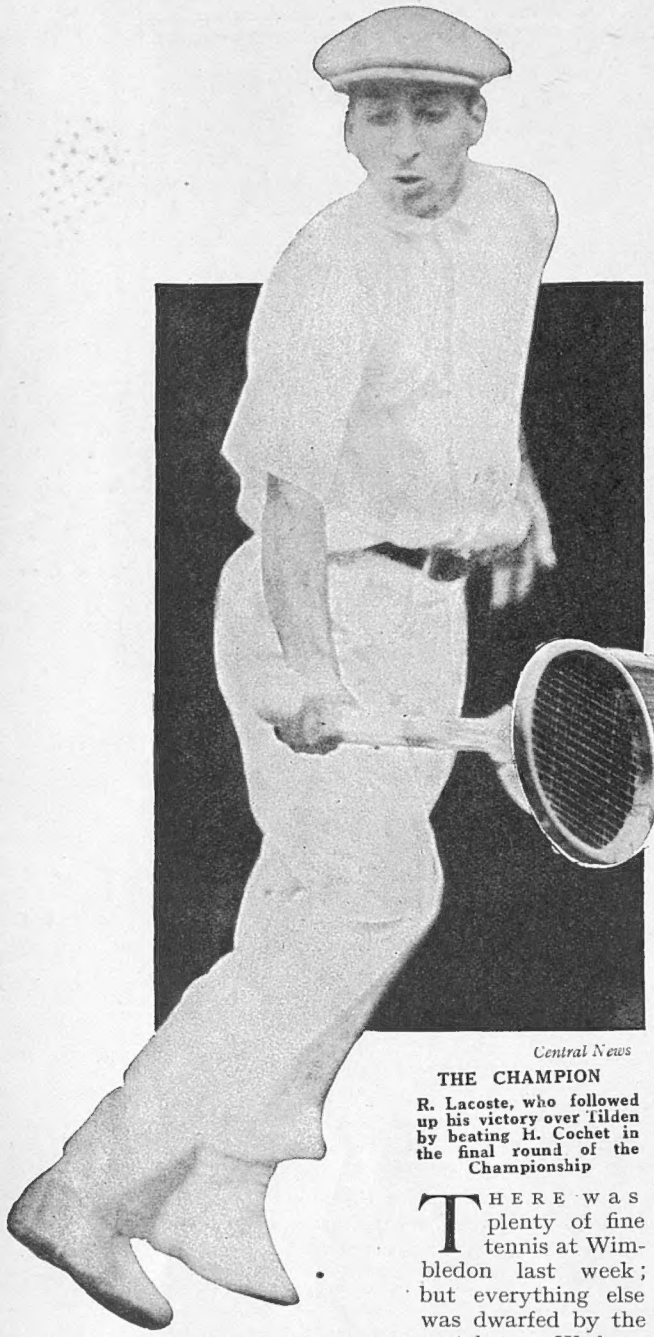
ADMIRALS AT CRICKET *L.N.A.*

The combined teams of the "Admirals" XI and the R.N.C. Dartmouth XI photographed prior to their recent match at Dartmouth. The Admirals were dismissed for 78, the Cadets passing this score with six wickets in hand (12 a side). Admiral Hickley (centre) captained the "Admirals" XI, and Lord Jellicoe is seen seated third from the right

WIMBLEDON AT

Wonderful Women an

By H.



Central News

THE CHAMPION

R. Lacoste, who followed up his victory over Tilden by beating H. Cochet in the final round of the Championship

THERE was plenty of fine tennis at Wimbledon last week; but everything else was dwarfed by the match on Wednesday in which Lacoste beat Tilden. "Great" is a much-overworked epithet in these days; but there are certain matches in the glowing records of Wimbledon to which it has been, and ever will be, fittingly applied. This match will be added to their number.

Last week I referred to the strong position held by France and her ability to hurl one doughty warrior after another into the fray against America. The first of them, Borotra, fell; the second, Lacoste, triumphed. Had Tilden beaten him there would still have been Cochet to be tackled; but as soon as Lacoste had won we knew that the International battle was over; that France had won the championship already, because, for the fourth time in five years, she was going to place two of her men in the final. We were pretty sure, incidentally, that Cochet would be the other finalist, but even if by any chance he succumbed it would be another fellow-countryman, Boussus, who has surely made good with a vengeance

I have seen Lacoste described in a headline as a wizard. That is exactly what he is not. Cochet is a wizard, if you like; so, for the matter of that, is Tilden. Lacoste is a master-craftsman, who has studied the game, studied every kind of shot, and worked tremendously hard to perfect himself at them all. There was no wizardry about his win of Wednesday. It was gained solely by the patience, courage and concentration with which he plied his machine-like game, with ever-increasing pressure as soon as the pressure from the other side began to relax. He was like some stout ship threading her way through an angry sea and often getting severely battered in the process yet able in the end to weather the storm and sail serenely into port, because she is "well found," as the sailors say.

The match has been described (by myself amongst others) at such length that I propose only to touch upon what I regard as its salient points. The first of these was that Tilden in the first set and also, though to a lesser degree, in the third was "unstoppable." I do not believe that any man could have stood up to Tilden as he was playing in the first set. All his big drives were coming off, he was volleying, a thing which he does not often do, successfully and serving, of course, like a demon. He scored several "net-corders" in such a way as to make you think that he was doing it on purpose, and altogether I was not surprised that Lacoste bent under such a hail of blows. Until he had gone some way through the second set his length was poor and his pace only moderate. Tilden's dominance in the third set was partly due to the fact that Lacoste was reacting after winning the second. Then came the fourth, which Tilden ought to have won. He led by 3—1 and was within a point of 4—1. But luckily for Lacoste two of three of those big "biffs" of Tilden's just went wrong—he was now beginning to tire—and Lacoste "did the rest," for he went on to square the set—against the service—in the next game, and finally to take the set (again against the service) at 6—4. The winning shot was one of the most thrilling things I have seen for a long time. Tilden brought Lacoste up with a "drop," and played Lacoste's return hard "down the line." Lacoste just managed to reach out and volley

Central Press

SENORITA DE ALVAREZ

The brilliant young Spanish girl who once again met Miss Helen Wills in the final

ITS GREATEST

Masterful Men

SCRIVENER

Central News

MISS HELEN WILLS

The brilliant young American player who once again reached the final of the Singles. Her play this year was stronger than ever

it back back-handed; but over came the ball again in a flash and Lacoste, though right off his balance, just managed to stow it away, from close in, holding his racket in both hands before falling on his back and nearly turning a somersault. Another outstanding thing was Lacoste's supreme confidence in the final set. He seemed to know instinctively that Tilden was getting too tired to hit the target, as he had been doing, nearly every time and, secure in the knowledge that he had "more margin to play with," he began to go out more fearlessly for winners himself. It was a masterly exposition of the right way to play the "end game" against an adversary who is tired but still terrible enough in all conscience.

Central News

THE RUNNER-UP

H. Cochet, last year's Champion, who suffered defeat at the hands of his compatriot, R. Lacoste, in the final round

For those who care for statistics it may be recorded that before Wednesday Tilden and Lacoste had met four times on grass and twice off it. Lacoste has beaten Tilden twice on grass, and has also been within a point of beating him in the Davis Cup. He likewise beat him in the American championship final last year. On hard courts they have each won once, but Lacoste's win was a "five-setter." Tilden's was only a "best-of-three."

Lacoste's fine victory over Cochet in the final of the men's singles was not such a tense affair as that in which he beat Tilden, but it was a bout of glorious tennis, in which the perfect machine prevailed over the born player who makes the most wonderful shots with no effort at all but with less regularity than the carefully rehearsed and coolly executed returns of his great adversary. After the crucial third set had gone in his favour, Lacoste increased his pressure as he did against Tilden and played with all the assurance of the man who knows that he can win. The best form by an Englishman was shown by H. W. Austin. But until he can acquire the physical and mental hardihood to carry him through a long and ticklish match he can never be regarded as being in the championship class.

In the women's championship history has repeated itself to this extent that the same two players as last year, Miss Helen Wills and Señorita de Alvarez, reached the final. Everybody was practically sure of that.

SEEN AT SANDOWN By "The Tout"

Lord Lovat trains with Walter Nightingall and takes an active interest in the doings of the successful South Hatch stable. Mr. F. J. Benson, whose figure has been so well known for many years at all the meetings, owns several horses trained by Wilson at Portslade, and Major Dermot McCalmont, owner of the immortal Tetrarch, has always been a faithful patron of "Atty's" stable at Stockbridge. Major McCalmont's oddly-named filly, The Girl Friend, ran away with her first race at Sandown recently

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Real Grievance

I am bound to say I sympathise greatly with the bookmakers in their grievance on the subject of the taxation of bad debts. It is most inequitable that they should be called on to pay the betting tax on money which they cannot collect. The law has it that you cannot legally enforce the payment of gambling transactions, so the bookie is hit in two ways when a client defaults. When the Betting Tax first came into force I pointed out the unfairness of this procedure. I felt sure the Treasury would give way on the point, but they have remained obdurate. The statement made by Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons last week on this subject was most unconvincing, and leaves the layers with legitimate cause for complaint. I hope the grievance will be removed when the Chancellor makes the general review of the tax, which is now in prospect.

On the July Course

In spite of the rain which marred the opening afternoon the first of the meetings behind the Ditch at Newmarket was as delightful as ever, and it seemed to me that the crowds were well up to the average. So great was the crush of cars that it was a bit of a business getting on to the road after the last races. The King always appears to enjoy these July meetings hugely, and though he did not see his own colours to the fore, His Majesty was able to congratulate Lord Lascelles on a couple of successes, especially on that achieved by St. Jerome in one of the chief handicaps of the meeting. Another point of satisfaction for the King was the fact that the top price of the sales, 6,100 guineas, was made by a National Stud yearling colt by his own stallion Friar Marcus. Winners of two-year-old selling plates at these Newmarket meetings usually fetch a lot of money, but when Lord Lascelles's filly St. Prisca came under the hammer after a runaway victory, the bidding was quite exciting. It did not stop until 1,950 guineas was reached. It's a lot to give for a selling plater, but this one is a finely bred filly, who has a real value apart from racing.

Crack Youngsters

At first glance it would appear that the reputation of Mr. Jinks suffers by the fact that he was hard-pressed to win the July Stakes. The grey colt was certainly all out, and he is likely to remember the struggle for some time. But I think he was up against a colt who is considerably better than was generally supposed. Reflector showed at Newmarket last week that there cannot have been any fluke about his victory in the Coventry Stakes. It is a pity that he has a tendency to misbehave himself in front of the tapes. He was decidedly fidgety at the post for the July Stakes, but fortunately he was moving in the right direction when the starter released the mechanism. I fear that one of these days Reflector will let his backers down when heavily supported by getting badly away. We are still in doubt as to which is the best of the two-year-old colts. The distinction cannot fairly be accorded to Mr. Jinks until he has met and beaten Costaki Pasha, who was unable to run last week on account of sore shins. I expect the rivalry of these brilliant youngsters will be one of the features of the Goodwood meeting.

Sir Abe Bailey's Winner

I am afraid the majority of punters had a bad race over the Princess of Wales's Stakes. I met nobody who backed Tourist, though I dare say Sir Abe Bailey did not let the colt run loose. He has not had much luck with his horses this season, Guard's Parade having been his most successful runner before Tourist rolled up so unexpectedly. I imagine this colt, like others by Son-in-Law, is improving with age. He now clearly outstayed the heavily supported Sans Changer and Lodore. Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild is not enjoying much luck with Caporal, who usually encounters something to run him out of his race. A feature of the meeting was the delightful jockeyship of Joe Childs on the Ayn Hali colt.

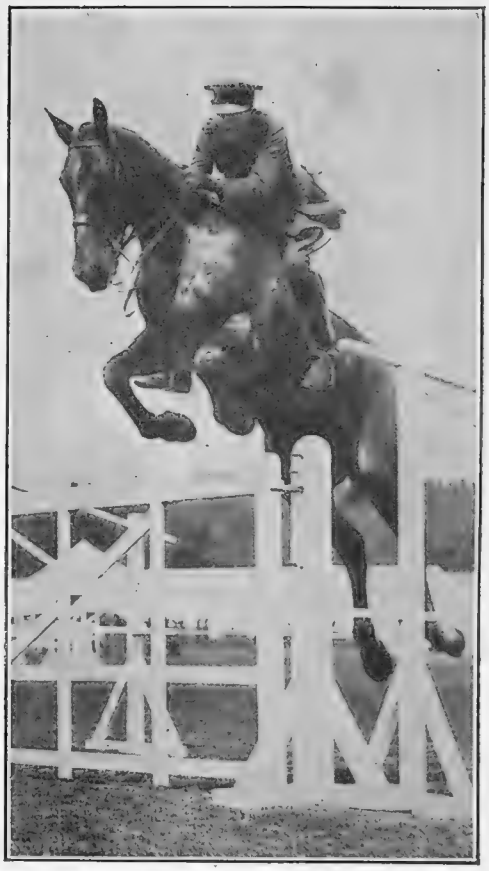
The Eclipse

Racegoers are looking forward with keen interest to the Eclipse Stakes next week. Here we are to see Book Law in action again. How she came to perform so badly at Epsom remains a mystery. It is said she was suffering from a chill, but the veterinary analysis did little to support that theory. Jelliss held the opinion that the mare was beaten because she was uncomfortable when galloping downhill. Anyhow, she will not be under this disadvantage at Sandown Park, where we shall ascertain whether Lord Astor's mare has retained her form. It is expected that Fairway will be among her rivals. I am rather nervous of trusting this colt so soon after his bewildering exhibition in the Derby. Royal Minstrel will also be a runner. The grey colt is not a true stayer, but the Sandown ten furlongs is not a difficult course, and Royal Minstrel may find it within his powers.

The Army in the Saddle at Aldershot

Alfieri

CAPT. W. H. MUIR, KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS, ON SEA COUNT



Alfieri

LIEUT. J. BARRINGTON, R.A., ON GOLIATH

Express Photo

LIEUT. N. A. BIRLEY, 17/21 LANCERS, ON CARBINE

Express Photo

CAPT. H. A. COXWELL-ROGERS, R.E., ON MAID MARION

The Aldershot Command Horse Show, held at Rushmoor last week, produced some excellent exhibitions in the jumping and other events. Above are seen four of the competitors in the Open Jumping Competition clearing the five-bar gate

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Lord's—and the Ladies

"IF I wished," says an eminent Harrovian of my acquaintance, "to show an American England at its best I should take him to Lord's, and by Lord's I mean the Eton and Harrow match." While not willing to go to the stake for this view, I should say that the dazzling spectacle of the Eton and Harrow luncheon parade is one of the loveliest scenes of sheer colour in the world. It is a kaleidoscope almost breath-taking in the beauty and variety of its tints.

The Match Itself

As for the match itself, I confess to a frank desire that Harrow should win, for the rather inadequate reason that Harrow has not won for a good long time. Etonians will tell you somewhat loftily that Harrow never wins. Harrovians will retort indignantly that the last half-dozen matches have ended in draws, some of them decidedly in Harrow's favour. Still, it is some time since the Dark Blues won outright, and I should like to see them carry off the spoils with glory. It would be a pity if Etonians were able to say that Harrow could turn out first-class Prime Ministers but only second-rate cricketers.

An Emperor Abdicates

A FITTING tear may, I think, be shed over the retirement of M. Paul Poiret, that *arbiter elegantiarum* and amiable despot who ruled, or was reputed to rule, Europe's fashions for so long. Let us shed further (and saltier) tears over the reasons for his abdication. "The woman of to-day," he says, "has lost the art of dressing beautifully." This, as Laurence Sterne once said of his text in the pulpit, I deny. "She thinks more of comfort;" he says, "than of elegance." That, as the old saying goes, is as may be. If you have tears, I repeat, prepare to shed them now.

This Year of Grace

HERE at last I have an opinion—one of very few—for which I am prepared to be burned at Smithfield. And it is this: that never before this year of grace 1928 have women been so beautifully dressed. Think of the horrors of the past. Look up an old photograph of Ascot or Lord's. Give a passing, shuddering glance at the "pork pies" and "legs of mutton" of their respective periods. Ponder, if you are brave enough, upon those figures which were (heaven knows!) anything but what heaven made them. Then return, like one coming from a chamber of horrors into the fresh air, to the free, swinging, clear-lined fashions of to-day. That, as our learned friend would say, is my case.

England Leads

WHAT may be rightly termed an epic flight in an age when the word is used all too loosely was completed by the arrival at Melbourne of four heavy ironclad flying boats after a journey of over sixteen thousand miles. This is far and away the greatest feat yet achieved in squadron flying, much of it carried out through tropical heat and sudden squalls of bad weather. This is only one more proof of what was admitted by friend and foe in war time: that, man for man, the British pilots were the best ever. We always had magnificent men. Now it seems we have magnificent machines, too.

One Up to Railways

IN the competitive battle, Road *v.* Rail, the railways are giving, as the saying is, as good as they get. In nothing is this more adequately demonstrated than in the L.N.E.R.'s recent successful experiment with steam rail coaches. The company will take you a long distance in record time by express train to a suitable centre of some

district full of beauty spots; they will then transfer you to a light and extremely comfortable steam rail coach which will take you to places of interest and beauty that are off the great main lines. This has the advantage of opening up new and delightful country to you without adding to the congestion of road traffic. The experiment is decidedly "one up" to the railways, and they may be safely encouraged to continue the good work.

Lend Me Your Ears

I AM told that ears are coming back. Though I admire modern fashions in their general effect, especially as to freedom and line, I'm afraid I must plead culpable ignorance as to details. And details, I suppose, are terribly important. Have ears not been worn lately? The more I realise my ignorance, the more ashamed I am. At any rate, if ears have not been the thing for a very long time, I am glad to be told that they are returning. I am distinctly pro-ear. The feminine ear can be so dainty and shell-like that it is a crime to hide it. The ears of horrid male persons can be large and red. Why not hide them? Oh, my countrywomen, lend me your ears! Let me see them once again!

Food the Romantic

I HAVE just been reading an article by an American reproving the English for their unromantic attitude toward food. It is our nomenclature, it seems, that is at fault. We are so unromantic that we call beef beef and potatoes potatoes. There may even be dreadful people who call porridge porridge. Who knows? It is all very sad. How little our neighbours understand the English race! Do they not know even now that the good Englishman is least demonstrative about the things that touch his emotions most deeply?

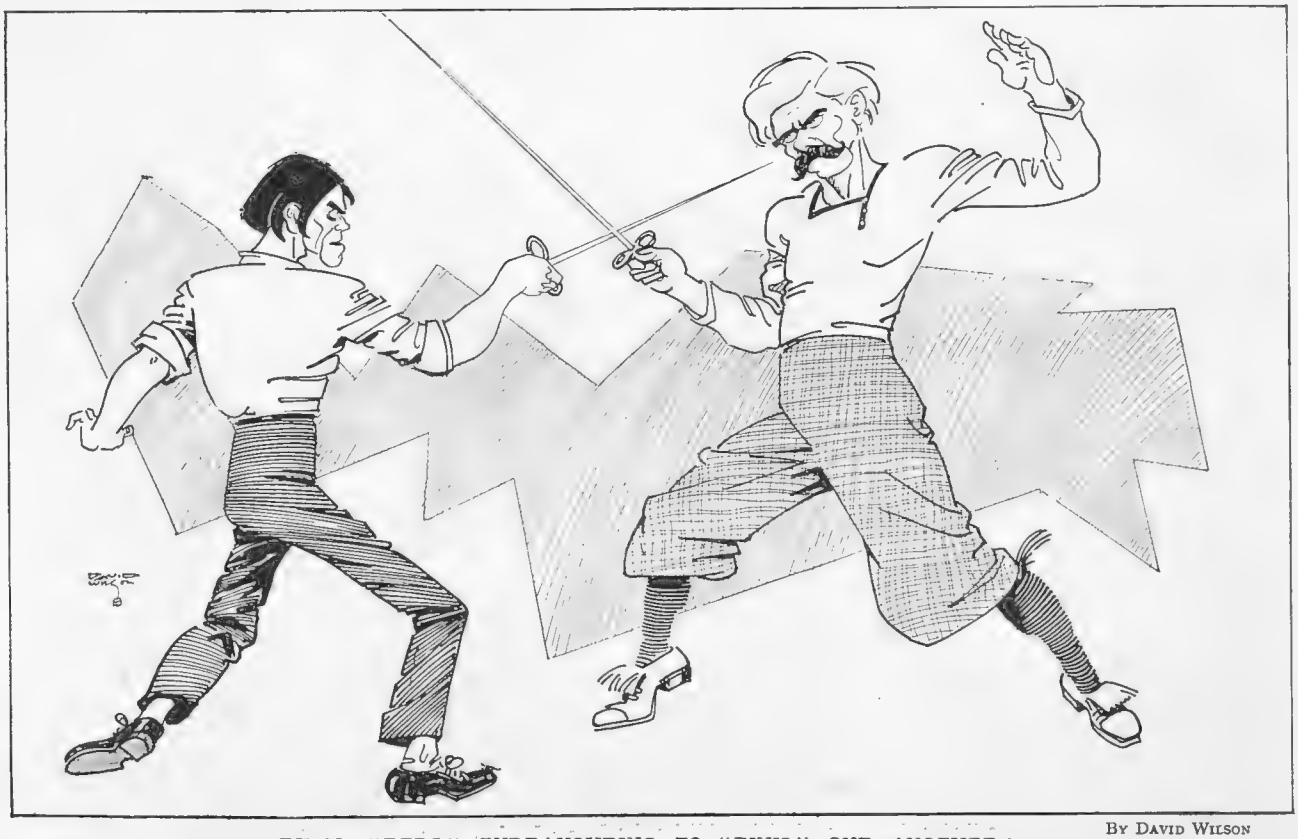
Or, the Roast Beef . . .

THE romance of English food is so real that it would be a sheer impertinence to go inventing flashy pseudo-literary names for it. A perfectly cooked steak by any other name might taste as succulent, but it would gain nothing from "coming into a title." If America can produce anything more romantic than the smell of bacon and coffee that comes to an appetite keen-whetted by a swinging morning walk, let her produce it, as she herself might say, right now. Would the coffee and bacon taste better if they were renamed nectar and ambrosia? I doubt it.

The End of a Perfect Day

I REMEMBER some verses called "An English Poet," by a man who might well have written more, which painted the beauties of the English countryside in all their wayward loveliness. But he reserved his best verse till the last:

And the poet went back to the Rose and Crown
And dined on a pound of steak, washed down
With a pint and a half of the true nut-brown,
And in the morning returned to town.



By David Wilson

RIVAL "REDS" ENDEAVOURING TO "PINK" ONE ANOTHER!

SOMETHING WORTH DOING

By PENDARVES

It will involve a trip across the Channel: from Dover. And on arrival at Ostend you will be besieged by a horde of individuals with names written in gold round their caps. These will importune you—they will even follow you, asking you if "you are feexed up anywheres yet, sair?" For they can tell you of "a verrry goot 'otel"—their own. But they can be dismissed adjectivally.

Then you must mingle in the merry maelstrom of Ostend for twenty-four hours before you do this thing that is worth doing, in order that the full force of the contrast may strike you. Twenty-four hours in Ostend seem like four. Because it is concentrated essence of gaiety that you will be absorbing all the time: a whirlpool of holidayism into which you will be sucked. As part of the groundwork for the job that is worth doing you must spend an evening in the Kursaal. Among the magnificent lack of dresses on the lovely women: under the blazing chandeliers: on the softly silent red carpets: surrounded by money that would seem to have been acquired merely to burn. But don't stay up half the night, because all your mental reserves will be called upon on the morrow—and you will want them.

You will have been begged all the previous day to take an excursion by this, that, and the other brand of luxurious motor coaches to "tour the battlefields." I would rather you went by train. One short hour's journey. Sixty-two Belgian francs. And nobody can "tour" the battlefields of the world's greatest war adequately in even twenty days. But one, for this purpose, is enough.

Twenty minutes after leaving Ostend, which is still ringing in your ears like the roundabout organ does at a fête long after you have left it, there will begin to disclose itself to you through both carriage windows an entirely new country. New as to its soil: new as to its structures. *Ten years ago this countryside as you see it was not here.* It was pulverised into oblivion by gunfire. It ceased to exist. Now they have diligently turned every square yard of its soil, healed its wounds, cleared away its lacerated trees, planting new, vivid little ones; removed the *débris* of its shattered homes—made it whole again, everywhere, as far as your intent eyes can see. It is a country of little red roofs, blatantly red in their newness. Not one roof, but tens of thousands, dotting the landscape for miles and miles. Then the train grates to a halt, and a man's voice is raised in the quietude of the summer morning: *"Ypres . . . tout le monde descende. . . ."*

A sleepy little station: neat, almost dainty, entirely ordinary. But the name signifies the holy ground of British arms. Hereabouts lie a quarter of a million of our men. That need not depress you—they would be the last to wish it so—for although their deaths were dreadful, their burials were beautiful, as you will presently see. But Wipers, upon which the whole world is asked to descend, has been born again. Even to its new Skindles Hotel in front of the station, which invites you, with its white napkins on its tablecloths, to lunch, and with its gleaming glasses suggests, nay, *says*, "Bass Pale Ale" thirstily.

Is it possible? You wander amazed from new street to new street. You have seen many an old town, but never an entirely new one. And here is one, risen from the ashes of the old. And then, with the awful four years' drama heavy upon the memory, though of visible sign of it there is none, you emerge upon the *Grande Place*, a "corner of a foreign field that is for ever England." But it is sunny and serene to-day. The new white beautiful cathedral is nearly finished: awning-covered *cafés* surround it, backed by the new bright buildings, and a most lovely peace broods over the place.

Thence to the Menin Gate, where groups of white-overalled Englishmen are still at work upon the myriad names carved into the stones—names that will live for ever. And on towards the great arena which lies so close at hand. A lovely place has this battlefield become. Nature, aided by man, has seen to it, and all ugliness has been blotted out. We are on the Menin Road now. Here by the wayside is the stone marking the limit of their dread advance: here some remnants of Canadian Front Line Trenches at the foot of Hill 62; there the Hooge Crater, now the pleasant garden of a pretty country house: to the left. Sanctuary Wood. All round and about over every inch of this ground for miles British fighting men made glorious history: and you can come now and see where they did it.

And then back to placid little Wipers for tea (will wonders never cease?): and the picture-postcard buying, and the polished brasswork souvenirs in the shop windows. . . . And presently to the train again for gay Ostend, a bath, a dinner, and a dance. But not to a forgetfulness also: that could never be.

Topical

"ON GUARD—ATTACK!"

A photograph taken at the fencing display of the Women's Union of University College, London, at the annual garden party held at Perivale. In front: Mr. Parkins (Salle-Tassart) and Miss Pullen. At back: Miss Leeder (left), Miss Price-Hughes (President), and Miss Pye

A Rhapsody in Blue at Lord's

BY MAC

Our artist's impression of the gentlemen from the Ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge who met at Lord's this week for a game of cricket. Prior to the Varsity match both teams alternately raised and lowered the hopes of their supporters, and though Cambridge possessed such a galaxy of "names," Oxford rallied round and discovered some very promising talent. Perhaps the finest bat on either side is A. M. Crawley, who has obtained his 1,000 runs this season in excellent style

ARE WE TOO PLAYFUL?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Lord's"

LONDON, *July* 9.

DEAR COUSIN,

BACK in Town again I am after brief hol., and not altogether sorry either, cos why? Well, after all, playtime's at its very height or zenith here in London now, and we do know something about how to play, we English, don't we, spite of what someone once said about us taking our pleasures sadly, or words to that effect? At least there's two kinds of critics around really, one branch or school of which depicts us (*a*) as always being in a sort of perpetual Cimmerian gloom, so to speak, solemnly wagging protentous beards (the male part of us) in statesman-like frock-coats, without the glimmer of a smile, or frowning over our protruding rabbits' teeth if feminine (see all French cartoons of the English Mees), *sans* a single glimmer of the well-known Gallic verve, vim, grace and *espièglerie*.

卐

AND then there's the other vein or variety of Higher Criticism, according to which we're (*b*) just a set of frivolous, brainless old beans, or priceless things, hopelessly squandering away our precious hours while the bright and busy foreigner gets a move on and wipes us off the map. Mooning on Monday, trifling on Tuesday, wasting Wednesday, thumb-twiddling on Thursday, flitting away for week-ends on Friday, slacking on Saturday, somnolent on Sunday, and so on. In we stroll to our offices, if any, about 10.30 a.m., by which time the hustling American, for instance, has already chewed at least six matutinal cigars and rolled up his shirt-sleeves a dozen or so times, told his stock of alleged funny stories to a whole bunch of callers, rushed through a lot of long-distance calls, and finally put his feet up on the bew-row for an hour or so's well-merited rest . . . at least so one gathers. Off we dash again about five or six p.m. to a game of golf or lawn tennis, or a ride in the Rolls-Ford, while the industrious Italian or hum-drum Hun, or sedulous Czecho-Slovakian, goes nobly and toilsomely and conscientiously on till any hour of the night or day . . . or, anyway, that's the tale they tell us.

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AND even in our games, it seems, these days, we don't know how to do the right thing. Where, alas! they cry in shrill and reproachful tones of bitter lamentation (more critics, I mean)—where in the name of England, home and duty (and Doherty and W. G. Grace, and old Tom Morris) is our once vaunted supremacy in the only kind of thing we *could* ever do decently? Pah, these pushful foreigners have even pinched from us the champs. that—

> The flannelled fools at the wicket,
> The muddied oafs at the goal—

as Mr. Kipling so pleasantly put it, used at least to keep for us as a kind of national preserve. And where . . . but just about here said critics begin to do some champing on their own, also foaming at the mouth—my dear, ain't they too terribly funny?

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HASN'T anybody (except us) ever yet grasped that the whole extra special joy and delight of the so-called English character is that it's just a mass of contradictions—and that's why we still continue somehow (said she proudly, and spite of Wimbledon memories

(*Continued on page* 70)

"Solemnly wagging portentous beards"

AT THE RECEPTION *Vandyk*

A group including Captain A. C. Taylor, his bride, Miss Sheila Carey, daughter of Sir Willoughby and Lady Carey, the best man, and bridal attendants after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The reception was held at the Rembrandt Hotel

Keystone

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Captain H. G. B. Jordan, of the 3rd Cavalry, Indian Army, with his bride, Miss Eileen Morle. They were married recently at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

AFTER THE WEDDING *Angas Faith*

Mr. W. J. Taylor, the International Rugby footballer and son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, of Sutton, Surrey, with his bride. Before her marriage Mrs. Taylor was Miss Hélène Grant Richards, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Richards, of Hertford Street, Mayfair

THREE RECENT WEDDINGS

As Portrayed by the Camera

(Continued from page 68)

and thoughts of thrustful U.S.A.) to rule the world? I ask you. All awful accusations admitted and terribly incriminating indictments granted. We *are* monumentally solemn and fearfully frivolous, both and all at the same time, p'raps, but what of it? That's, after all, just how its *done,* and no one else somehow seems to 've quite got the secret of combining the two, what? Though, by the way, there's a German book, called "Fair Play," I've just been reading that seems to 've got, anyway, just a sort of glimmering of the general idea.

As, for example (says author thereof, Herr Rudolf Kircher, in his good old solid Deutscher manner), the Englishman's impulse to play is not confined to athletics, but permeates the culture of the whole nation. . . . It's the play attitude that takes all the heaviness (says he) out of flirtation, talk, politics, art, literature, knowledge, everything, in fact. . . . All England seems to be endowed with handsome clothes, gracious form, and a playful spirit. . . . The young Englishwoman of to-day is freedom personified; she sweeps through life with unconstrained assurance. . . . And adds, he does, somewhat surprisingly (compared with some foreign ideas of us), that we've got a rare sense of humour that makes life always worth living, and lets us meet its blows with laughter; but all the same we also possess, it appears, "rare social and moral gifts, the result of team work, that is to say, manly rivalry under the ægis of fair play."

"We've got a rare sense of humour"

So that's that, and now our character's cleared, so to speak, we can proceed once more quite recklessly and brainlessly and pushlessly to enjoy ourselves in this most perfectly delightful of picnicky-crickety weeks. Wherein there's not only the Varsity match, but the Eton and Harrow, all included free of charge, except, of course, price of admission, and those hot and crowded benches in tents that you *queue* up for in hope of for hours (though *we* don't pay for that). And, anyway, oh, how completely beyond price that little snack of salmon and that tiny dollop of ice do seem when you've really *worked* for 'em—I declare I really do feel now I positively am a member of the working classes. And cricket's at least still one game left to us—being too complicated (like us) for mere foreigners, and if Australia does win a Test Match now and then it's all still in the family, is not it, what?

A RATHER particularly pleasing week this is, you know, right at apex of season, as already mentioned or touched on, and especially because of special influx of young things for various festivities of the moment from Oxford and Cambridge, also Eton and Harrow, and other seminaries for the proper education and development of the generation of the moment. Such dear things they are, these new and youthful products of the schools and Universities, and oh how refreshing to meet their fresh, though carefully concealed enthusiasms at the Duchess of Whatshisname's or Lady Thingamytight's, or even some of the more public places where *en danse.* So *soignés* and so young, so recklessly cynical and so adorably simple—I always feel somehow that there ought to be a sort of society for the proper introduction of the undergraduate into real London life (those sweet young things who think they know everything), but doubtless that's only a dream.

SUITABLE dance partners, anyway, and amusing (up to a point) for any of the revelries of the moment at Ciro's or Claridge's, or the Ritz or Princes, etc., on any *soir qui mal y pense,* as Mr. Oscar Asche puts it in that rather nice and tuneful show, *Marjolaine,* at the Gaiety, wherein there's all sorts of delightful music made by the orchestra and lots of dancing and singing of a soothing sort produced by company, and the whole show, I assure you, awfully pretty and sweet. Likewise the scene is pleasing, and there's one particularly nice dance therein where the men of the chorus use their silver cloaks as sort of waves—yes, I should rather counsel a visit thereto by all that happen to be sojourning here in London now.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"He's chewed six matutinal cigars"

A Playground by the Thames

BY M. MACMICHAEL.

There is one place near London where they can afford to laugh at the vagaries of the English climate, and that place is the Thames Riviera on Tagg's Island, at Hampton Court. Owing to wonderful lighting installations, one can play lawn tennis on covered courts day and night, whilst the verandahs make it possible to dine in the fresh air even when it is raining. Swimming, miniature golf and lawn tennis are among the outdoor sports to be enjoyed, whilst a restaurant and a ballroom with a cabaret are among the other major attractions

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

MARJOLAINE

Produced June 12, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

WHEN Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's exquisite comedy, *Pomander Walk*, was first produced it was rightly hailed as a play of perfect charm and comforting repose. Its quiet beauty was much appreciated even in those days when London was a comparatively restful place, before the era of motor cars and one-way traffic. The adaptation of the graceful comedy to the programme of a musical play has been done very skilfully, and the delicate fabric of the original has been nicely preserved. Even the quality of the humour that has been introduced is politely subdued. This has, no doubt, been done in order to make the production more faithfully reminiscent of a time when it was not considered good form to laugh aloud in public, every care having been taken to avoid provoking a disastrous outbreak of that sort. There is plenty of the light fun of the kind that provokes an indulgent smile, but the element of the boisterous has been gently but firmly ruled out.

POMANDER WALK was a dainty backwater somewhere Chiswick way, in the year 1805. It is shown as just a secluded terrace of small houses beside the river, inaccessible to wheeled traffic, and inhabited by people who are intensely respectable, and properly appreciative of the charm of their picturesque seclusion. If I remember rightly, the scenery is a true copy of that supplied for the original production. At first sight it might appear that the singing and dancing incidental to the play in its new guise would tend to profane the treasured reposefulness of the Walk; but the Musical Play is a law unto itself, and has poetic licence to handle the probabilities without the gloves.

THE heroine Marjolaine is quite perfectly represented by Miss Lilian Davies, whose acting has precisely the right quality of lightness for so delicate a part, and whose singing is, of course, the main attraction of the entertainment. Marjolaine is the daughter of Madame Lachesnais, played by Miss Ethel Hook; and a tenderly beautiful duet by these two ladies entitled "He Did Not Love Me" is one of the many gems of the piece. The reference is to an incident in Madame's youth when she was courted, and, alas! forsaken, by Lord Otford, then known as Jack Sayle. It happens that Marjolaine has fallen in love with Lord Otford's son, in his turn called Jack Sayle, and when Marjolaine breaks the news to mother, Madame just faints away on the public bench of the Walk. This is another incident that stamps the play as daintily old-fashioned, as nowadays Madame would probably have called Otford a faithless old bean, and left it at that.

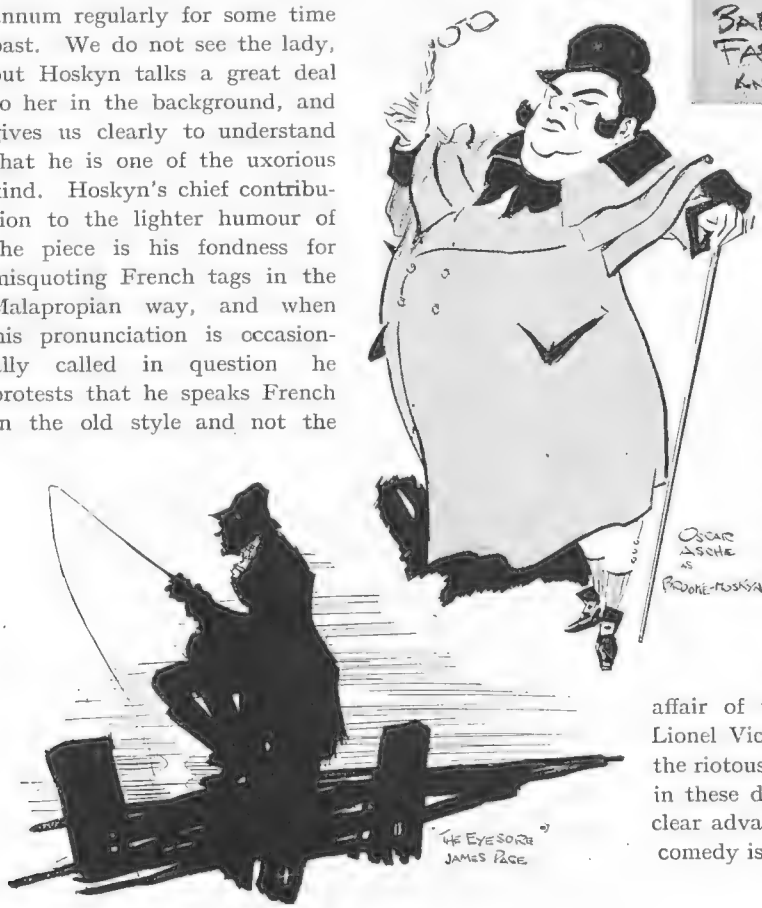
WINIFRED HALL AND LIONEL VICTOR

ONE of the very respectable inhabitants of the Walk is the Rev. Jacob Sternroyd, D.D., who is so engrossed in his pious meditations that he is always mistaking the geographical position of his own house. His daughter Barbara, a part played with nicely restrained frolicsomeness by Miss Babs Farren, is also, it seems, his maid-of-all-work, and accordingly we first see her cleaning the front doorsteps with a mop. This leads the way to a graceful duet and dance with Mr. Eric Fawcett, the mop being divertingly used as an accessory to the fact.

MISS FARREN joins Miss Davies in a sprightly duet called "Don't," supported by the Girls, whose lower limbs are decorously draped by the elongated underwear of the period. The title of the song is provoked by the fact that Marjolaine's mother has forbidden her to meet Jack Sayle; while Barbara's father is always saying "don't" to her with aggravating persistence. Old-fashioned (not to say Mid-Victorian) readers may remember a popular music-hall song of the 'eighties with

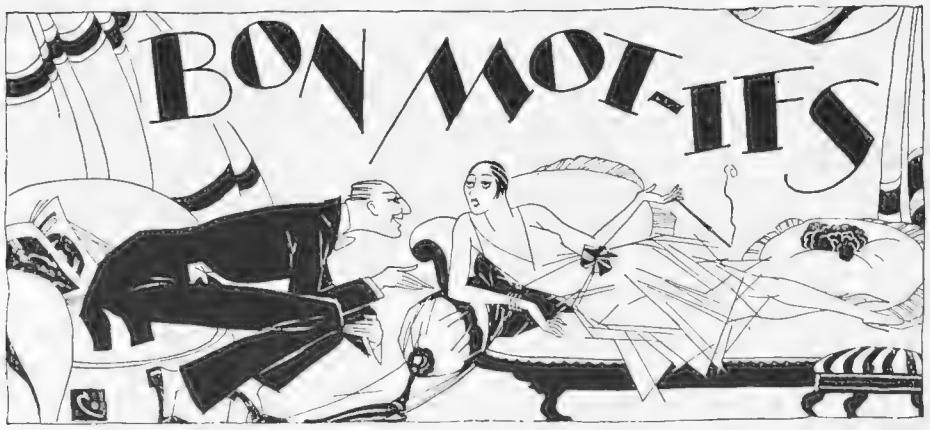
the same title. It was based on an illuminating little work that had a tremendous vogue at the time, pleading with people of social ambitions to conquer the unfashionable habit of eating peas with a knife, or, when present at exclusive functions, wearing a cricket cap in conjunction with a frock-coat. In the present instance the words of the song are colourless, but the lively music and the still more lively singing of Miss Davies and Miss Farren impart the correct amount of brightness to the proceedings.

MR. OSCAR ASCHE is the man Brooke-Hoskyn, the bubble of whose self-importance is amusingly pricked quite early in the proceedings. Hoskyn is, to begin with, a very much married man, his wife's output of babies having been one per annum regularly for some time past. We do not see the lady, but Hoskyn talks a great deal to her in the background, and gives us clearly to understand that he is one of the uxorious kind. Hoskyn's chief contribution to the lighter humour of the piece is his fondness for misquoting French tags in the Malapropian way, and when his pronunciation is occasionally called in question he protests that he speaks French in the old style and not the new. He warns Marjolaine against making a "messalliance," which is neither old nor new French, but, nevertheless, is perilously near the truth in a great many cases.



MR. ROBERT GEDDES is the young Jack Sayle who, as the robust lover, is a very happy foil to the playful shyness of Marjolaine, and the duets between these two will doubtless prove very popular with the optimistic young ladies who are not actually engaged yet, but expect to be in a day or so, especially in these enterprising times, when engagement rings may be bought on the hire system, and presumably exchanged at small expense for a different size to fit the next best girl. The play deals with at least three romances simultaneously conducted, to say nothing of the affair of the gallant Admiral Sir Peter Antrobus (Mr. Lionel Victor) and the designing widow. The absence of the riotous humour usually associated with musical comedy in these days will doubtless be considered by many as a clear advantage, since the sustained appeal of the delicate comedy is thus more agreeably emphasised.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

RESIDENTS at Henley last week have been complaining of the persistent crowing of the cox.

. . . . . .

THE adventure of the famous eight stowaways aboard an English liner is a warning to all that concealment of berth is a serious crime.

. . . . . .

THE crane at the Zoo is said to be a lazy bird. They ought to employ him in "lifting" elephants' faces.

. . . . . .

A VISITOR at Dartmoor declares that the prison diet is not too appetising. The skilly season has commenced.

. . . . . .

MISS HELEN WILLS is said to be imperturbable on the lawn tennis court. She occasionally smiles, however, when she serves a grim "ace."

. . . . . .

THE driver of a small two-seater has been heavily fined for exceeding the speed limit. All these baby cars should be kept on the lead.

. . . . . .

A MAGISTRATE tells us that girls who devote their lives to dancing are simply asking for trouble. That is the way of the whirled.

. . . . . .

"JOAN has been doing too much motoring."

"Yes; she has got flivver complaint."

. . . . . .

"MY wife insisted that we should go to Bournemouth for our holidays."

"What did you say?"

"I insisted emphatically that we should go to Hastings."

"What happened?"

"Oh, we compromised: we're going to Bournemouth."

. . . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY writes: "We owe a lot to Mr. Churchill." Income tax papers please copy.

A MUSICAL comedy actress sends us the following tribute which she has received: "Dear Miss X,—Please send me your autograph; when you went off the stage last night I was the one who clapped."

. . . . . .

"WHY is it," asked a bridge enthusiast, "that so many people throw themselves over the Embankment?"

"Perhaps," replied his friend, "because they won't return the lead."

. . . . . .

FIRST Jew to his compatriot: "So your son is in the Army?"

Second ditto: "Yeth, but he's a washout."

"First Jew: "Why?"

Second ditto: "He never got his 'commission.'"

HEARD on the 'bus: "Bill, you're a builder; what is it that keeps the moon from falling?"

"Dunno, old sport, unless it is the beams."

. . . . . .

"THEY charged me half a crown to have my hair shingled."

"My dear, it wasn't worth a 'bob.'"

. . . . . .

A PROMINENT vegetarian says that those who eat meat will live to rue it. Another way of telling us that the habit is meet for repentance.

. . . . . .

A FIRM of house decorators advertise their wood flooring as being especially cool for the feet. Why don't they state bluntly that it's a bit parquet?"

. . . . . .

SHE was describing her rescue from drowning. "I kept on yelling," she exclaimed, "and, would you believe it, the man who hoicked me out wasn't the one I was making eyes at, but a foul boatman with a ginger beard!"

. . . . . .

ANSWER to correspondent: No, we are unable to trace the authorship of the song "Wrecked in the Cradle of the Dupe."

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

"WINGED WORDS OF WISDOM"
"I'd hate to be up there with that thing"
"Faith, I'd hate to be up there without it!"

"For Men Must Work...."

BY WILMOT LUNT

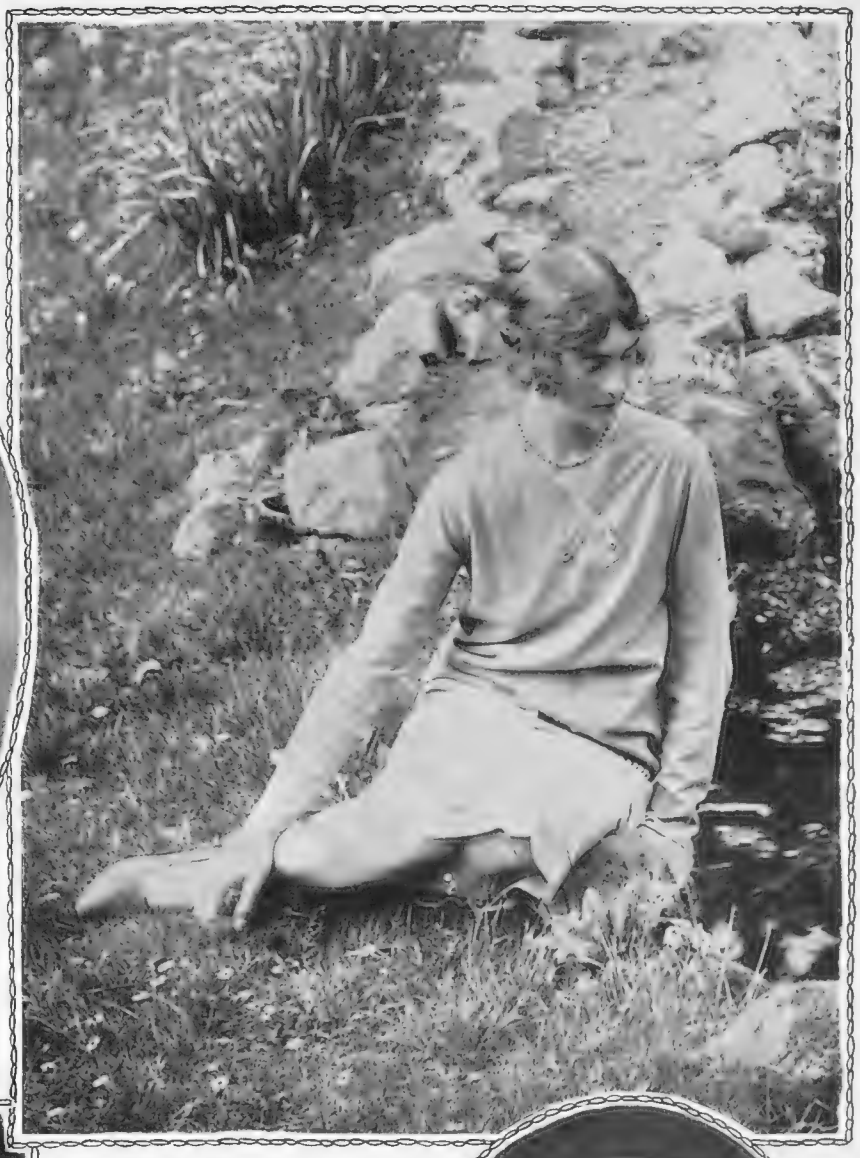
"Perkins! You may place another worm on my hook"

"A Marriage has been Arranged—"

Bassano

MISS SUSAN CLERK

The elder daughter of Sir George Clerk, of Penicuik, and West Bay House, North Berwick. She is to be married in the Autumn to Captain Francis Law, M.C., Irish Guards



Miss Compton Collier

A WEDDING OF TO-DAY

Miss Daphne Henry, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Vivian Henry, of Hay, Herefordshire. Her marriage to Mr. Guy Farquhar takes place to-day, July 11, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Hay Wrightson

MRS. AUDREY BIRKIN

Who is engaged to Major Lord Edward Hay, Grenadier Guards, brother of the Marquess of Tweeddale. She is the younger daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Latham

Bassano

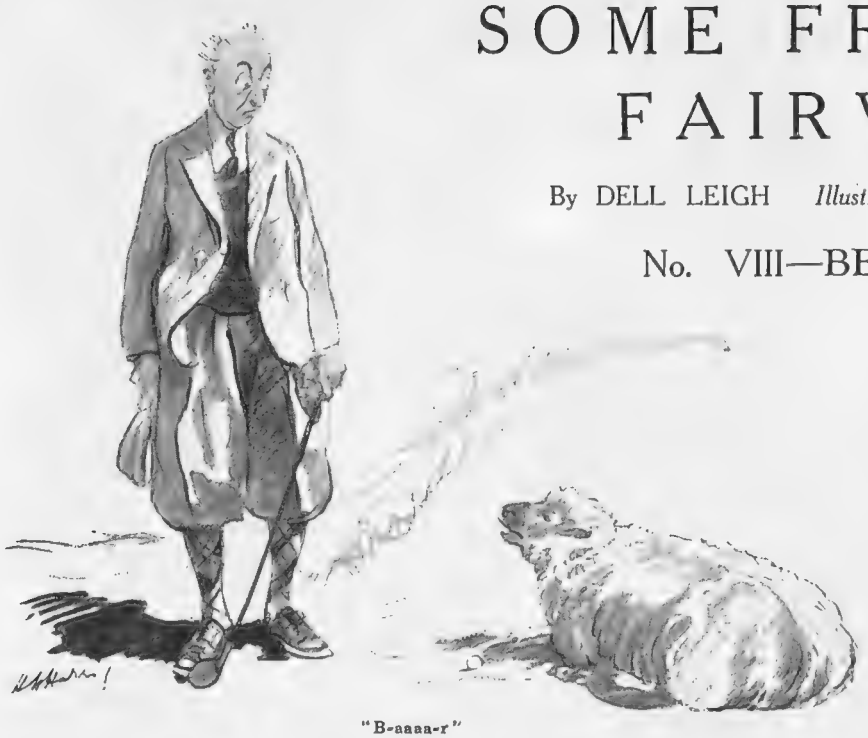
MISS MARGARET DU BUISSON

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Du Buisson, of Hartley Wintney, Hants. She is to be married on August 1, at Hartley Wintney, to Mr. James Clyde, elder son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Clyde, Lord Justice-General of Scotland

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. VIII—BEXHILLIANS



"B-aaaa-r"

THERE are at the present time no fewer than three courses at Bexhill for the beguilement of the residents and visitors. One of these is a very famous summer holiday and winter week-end place, Cooden Beach by name, where one of our leading and most charming professionals, Fred Robson, has his home. I once convalesced in the Dormy House at Cooden for a memorable month, and did not particularly desire to get well because this meant leaving it: so Cooden has a very friendly cubby-hole in my memory. But it has been written about a great deal and has all the fame it needs—rather more, in fact, that it can conveniently cope with sometimes, judging by the length of its starting sheet. It runs along that bit of the Sussex seashore beyond Bexhill, so close in places to the railway line that through the open carriage window you can almost hear the anathemas of gentlemen on greens who had "that for the half." It is extremely well cared for; has added several cubits to the stature of its cheery club house recently; suffers the vicissitudes of flooding as to some of its holes in winter and, generally speaking, leads a full and vibrant life at all times and seasons.

About the other course, Bexhill proper—not that Cooden is the reverse, God forbid!—I (and some others I find) am more than a little puzzled. I wonder, when I look at it, how much longer the noble Lord whose property it is will stay his generous hand, and the hand of the builder, and allow his inestimably valuable piece of property to continue to be a mere golf course, when its situation, almost in the heart of Bexhill, seems inevitably destined for town development. One says to oneself about this, and certain other places similarly situated, How long will golf be allowed to stultify municipal expansion? How long should it, in equity to the town's people? However, these are not affairs in which, thank heaven, I am likely ever to be involved.

The conception of Bexhill's third and newest course, Highwood, was brought about, I feel sure, with some such thoughts as these in the minds of its promoters. They said—or rather the wealth and munificence that lay behind them said—"Let there be another golf course to Bexhill." And it was so. And the net result of the whole matter is that on the high ground immediately behind the thriving and popular town of Bexhill you can see a particularly successful example of what modern scientific golf architecture can do to a countryside which was once, and quite recently, arable land upon which a farmer honoured the King but cursed the climate as a good farmer should.

But although money can do most things it cannot prevent mistakes sometimes. And poor Highwood has had mistakes made upon it, from which it has suffered, but from which it has survived. Notably was this the case when some congenital idiot plastered all the new greens with too strong a fertiliser and then did not watch them vigilantly. The young greens not being up to the weight, so to speak, were almost eaten to death. You can imagine the feelings—no words can possibly describe them—of the men "behind" Highwood when they woke one fine morning to find their lovely greens a dull, lifeless brown! But now they have been healed of this pestilence and are probably at root all the stronger for it.

The mention of greens and their ailments reminds me of two most ingenious methods propounded to me recently by zealous Greenkeepers. One of them suffered the scourge of that dreadful insect, the leather jacket, which a few years ago nearly obliterated the game of golf on many of our courses. He said, "But I soon got the better of them, damn them! Yes: all I did was to cover the green with a heavy tarpaulin. Then the infernal brutes didn't known whether it was night or morning and came up to look. Then they got stifled and when we took the tarpaulin off next day we swept 'em up by the thousand" . . .

And the other one, to my mind, is even better. On a certain course there lives a Secretary with a sense of humour. He is also the Greenkeeper, and a very efficient one. He believes in a charcoal covering for his greens, and he gets sacks of it from the steel works at Sheffield. His greens suffer grievously from worms. Hence the Sheffield charcoal, which he says, daring to look me square between the eyes, contains a lot of steel filings. These scratch the worms, irritating them so that they won't come up, but stay down below, sulking!

Returning to Highwood, as I hope I may literally one

day, shall I be forgiven if I presume to offer them suggestions? A course, especially an inland course on clay soil, should not be markedly more strenuous over its last nine holes than over its first. For men get tired (and women get even more tired), as witness Fred Robson, who goes out in 33, but it takes him 44 to get home. It's ninth hole, a potentially excellent one, should have a row of bunkers coming out to catch the unwary second shot. Its twelfth a high row of bunkers right across the fairway where the marks of the old hedge now are. No bunkers should in that case guard the green; there should be instead a sloping grass bank round three sides of it. This would make a very interesting second shot. At present the hole is dull.

The present long and spirit-breaking 15th hole should go altogether. There is a magnificent place lying almost ready for an alternative short fifteenth; the tee to be made on the left of the fourteenth green. Then a shortish two-shotter to the present sixteenth green, properly bunkered on the left-hand side of the tee shot to stymie the man prone to take liberties with the lie of the land. This would shorten the course somewhat, but they could still get the requisite 6,000 yards with a maximum of attraction and a minimum of effort. There are great possibilities about Highwood and a great future before it in green fees. The accumulation of these green fees should, however, go into the course rather than into the club house, which has all it needs and more, save perhaps a touch here and there of the feminine hand on window curtains and places where a woman, and only a woman, can make a club house "comfy."

Was it here or elsewhere that a man one day lost all self-control because of a harmless sheep? I cannot remember. But the sheep are here and so, perhaps, the man, too. He was a highly temperamental golfer, living in the neighbourhood. In a deep warm bunker one sunny summer day lay an old sheep basking. Into this same bunker plopped our friend's ball from afar. It had been into most of the others in the course of that round, and his nerves were at great tension. It happened that at the precise moment when the player reached his ball the dear old sheep emitted a ruminative and significant "b-aaaa-r." This was *too* much. The temperamental man's eyes blazed with wrath, and he called the sitting animal three most evil names; then he added, with a wealth of venom in his voice: "I don't care, you old ——: I shall be eating you soon, *any*way!" This grim reflection seemed to comfort him a trifle as he proceeded viciously to his destiny with the niblick.

"Women get even more tired"

There is a most enterprising Dormy House at Highwood, which has established itself, as a separate concern, just outside the club gates. A man and his wife, who know how to run a country house, built one. They also built a hard tennis court and a squash racquet court—or are about to. To the end that golfers not requiring the jazziness of the Bexhill hotels after two rounds of Highwood may retire and laze the long summer evenings away, telling each other how they did the fourteenth in three, in that instructive manner golfers have the world over. It is particularly pleasant at any time to be able to lie so near your golf that you can glance over your early morning tea-cup in bed to see the word "Caddiemaster" painted on the wall of his house across the lane. But when in addition to that you have a Sussex orchard just outside one bedroom window and trim lawns and flower beds just below the other, and some fellow is mowing one of these lawns with a gentle "purr" of sound, and the room is sun-splashed and full of comfortable-looking old furniture, then you will reflect that your path lies in a very pleasant place—at least I did. D. L.

British Illus.

A GOLF MATCH AT OXHEY

A photograph of some of those who took part in the recent match between the Parliamentary Golf Club and the Oxhey Golf Club. The clubs were represented by Lt.-Col. Lambert Ward, Sir John Power, the Hon. James Stuart, Brig.-Gen. Sir G. Cockerill, Sir Assheton Pownall, Sir Herbert Cayzer, Sir M. Manningham-Buller, Mr. T. H. Wheelwright, Mr. C. E. Bain, Mr. C. E. A. Castellain, Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. H. Greenwell, Mr. F. T. Wakeman, Mr. J. R. Sharman, Mr. N. F. Eve, and Mr. D. C. Rutherford. Oxhey won by nine matches to three

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 3—MISS JOAN RIDLEY

Perhaps the most decorative figure in British Lawn Tennis, Miss Joan Ridley may be regarded as one of our "second row" players. She is only just outside the Wightman Cup team, and there is every possibility that it will not be long before her powerful forehand drive will secure her a place in the team. Among her recent successes is the Surrey Hard Court Championship, which she won at Roehampton. She followed up that success by reaching the final in the Surrey Grass Court Championship at Surbiton

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

A SEASIDE RETR

A SEASIDE ADVAN

RETREAT OF 1890

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ADVANCE OF 1928

Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
REGD No 154011.
N.C.C.420

THE TOM-TOMS

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustration by H. K ELCOCK

"The old man . . . made a motion with his hand"

WE were yarning in the smoking-room of the *Quirinal*, and Hatherell scoffed at black magic. The grizzled old ship's doctor looked at him and said "Umph!" Then he attended to his whisky.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he stated, "especially between lat. 10 North and lat. 10 South of earth. When I went to the West Coast I didn't believe in much. When I left it, I didn't disbelieve in anything. I could tell you a few stories about black magic."

This is one of them:

"I don't particularly wish to be connected with that part of my past, so I'll name the place Hades. It wasn't so Hadish as some of the places; tidy-sized seaport with a club and an occasional whiff of air. A good many ships called there, and a little Jew named Benoli had come and set up a little curio shop to cheat the crews and the passengers, but he dealt pretty fairly with the residents and wasn't unpopular; not a bad chap of his sort. One evening he came to me when I was sitting on my verandah in my shirt-sleeves.

"Doctor," he said, "there's a noise in my head that's driving me mad."

"What sort of noise?" I asked.

"As if the niggers were beating tom-toms."

"They often do," I grunted.

"Are they now?" he inquired.

"No," I told him. They weren't.

"Well, I can hear them," he declared.

"Taken much quinine lately? That causes a buzzing."

"Not a grain for months," he replied.

"Give me your wrist," I said. . . . "Pulse is all right. Come inside and I'll have a look at your ears. . . . They're all right. I'll go over you." I did. "There's nothing wrong except the buzzing," I pronounced.

"It isn't a buzzing. It's tom-tom-tom-tom; tom-tom-tom; tom-tom-tom-tom-tom; always four beats and three beats and five."

"Eh? . . . That's their hue and cry signal! Any particular reason for hearing it?"

"If you're suggesting that I'm a thief——!"

"Didn't confine my suggestion to stealing," I said. "Anything on your conscience?"

He didn't answer. "Better tell me all about it," I advised.

He sat twiddling his thumbs and considering for a long time; muttered that "the bally row" wouldn't let him think; fumbled in his jacket pocket.

"Could they put a curse on me with this?" he asked suddenly.

He produced a greenish, semi-transparent stone about the size of a sparrow's egg and rather that shape.

"Emerald," he stated; "worth fifty thousand if it were perfect; but it's a bad colour; spots and cracks. It'll fetch about five hundred. Would have been worth three or four thousand, but the man I got it from damaged the best side in breaking it off."

"Who was he" I inquired. "And what did he break it off?"

"Seemed to be a sailorman; said he deserted and went up country; and he broke it off a tom-tom."

"They don't grow on tom-toms," I objected.

"This was a sacred one; belonged to an idol that's owned by savages called Curlies."

"It isn't their name, only a nick-name. They always train a little curl at the left side of their forehead."

"Know anything about 'em? Especially their idols and witch-doctors?"

"Not much. They don't come down here often."

"I meant from people who go there," he explained.

"They don't come back," I said.

"Like that, are they? The devils! . . . Well, he said *he* did. He——"

"Begin at the beginning," I grunted, "and tell me the story straight through. Have a peg first."

This was what he told me:

"One evening a fortnight ago I was just closing, and the sailor chap came in, walking sideways and looking behind him to make sure he wasn't followed. He leaned over the counter and pulled out this emerald and wanted fifty quid for it and no questions. He said it didn't belong to anyone only to a great brown wood joss that the Curlies kept in 'a sort of plaster temple'; and the joss had a tom-tom that was

(All rights strictly reserved)

used for State occasions, sacrifices and war-dances, and all that; and the jewel was stuck on it; supposed to flash when the joss wanted the gong sounded. The priest chaps turned the light on it, I expect. He'd got into the tom-tom and wrenched it off. 'Any violence?' I asked. 'Not to speak of,' he said. 'I just tapped the old priest on the nut. Then I legged it down country; nearly caught two or three times. Worth fifty quid, guv'nor, ain't it, after what I've gone through?' In the end I bought it for five quid."

"And you say it's worth five hundred," I remarked. "There's my profit," he explained. "The reason I connect it with the tom-toms is that they began directly he'd gone. The noise won't let me sleep at night. That's what's doing me in." He certainly looked ill.

"I thought at first they were a hue and cry of the blacks after the sailor chap, and that was why he'd parted with his loot cheap. So I didn't care; ordinary risk of my business. But when I asked my boys what the tom-toms were being beaten for they said they weren't! Seemed to think I was drunk. When they found out I wasn't drunk and I kept on asking, they said someone had put a curse on me."

I gave him a strong sleeping draught; and told him I'd back it against all the curses in Africa. However, he knocked me up in the middle of the night; said he hadn't closed his eyes, and the tom-toms were going like fury. "It's this damned stone," he declared. "It will kill me if I keep it."

"Rot; I wish I had it, curses and all."

"I'll sell it to you for five and twenty pounds."

"So that's your game," I growled, with a few curses. "You've faked this yarn up to swindle me with a bit of glass."

"I swear I've told you the truth," he cried. He was really crying. "You're a good doctor. Can't you tell that my illness is no fake?"

Well, I *am* a good doctor. You note it. I *could* tell his illness wasn't a fake.

"I don't want stolen property," I growled.

"Idols have no business to own property."

"There's that," I agreed; "but I've no cash."

"Twenty pounds," he urged. "Fifteen . . . Ten. You can owe it."

"I expect it's glass," I told him, "but I'll give you a fiver for it; cash down.'

He took the fiver, handed over the stone, and went; and then the cursed tom-toms began tom-tomming; and I went outside to see who was doing it, and my head boy, Satan, came to ask if I wanted anything.

"Make me a cup of coffee, Satan," I told him. "Those cursed tom-toms woke me up. What are they making that row for?"

"Massa, sir," he gasped, "there is no tom-toms!"

But I heard them. They wouldn't let me sleep.

The next morning they sent for me from the infirmary at six. A white sailor had been brought in the night before; carried by a native who saw him fall in the street. "One of those Curli boys," the matron said. "Don't often see them down here. The man's been drinking heavily; complains of noises in the head; seems to have something on his conscience. I asked him about it. He muttered that he hadn't a conscience, but if he had there might be! Perhaps he'll tell *you*."

But he couldn't, because he had just died.

I went round to Benoli's to ask him to come and see if he could identify the man as his sailor; but Benoli seemed to be off his head. "Don't tell him there is no tom-toms, doctor sir," his head boy begged. "Makes him mad-cross. You say *you* hear them, like I say lie."

But I *did* hear them; heard them so plainly that, at last, I asked Satan again about them. He was a good boy and had been with me for two years.

"Massa, sir, there is no tom-toms. Someone has put a curse on you. What tom-toms you hear?"

"Like this," I said, "and chanted tom-tom-tom-tom; tom-tom-tom; tom-tom-tom-tom-tom."

"You must give it back," he declared. "Quick, or it is too late, massa sir!"

"You fool!" I roared. "Get out, or I'll skin you."

The tom-toming went on all breakfast time. I went round to Benoli's to offer the thing back; but he was unconscious. His boy seem to have been ransacking his room; and I seized him and wanted to know what he'd done it for.

"To get it and give it back, or else he die."

"Give what back?" I roared. "Who to?"

I shouted because I could scarcely hear myself for the noise of the tom-toms.

"What he take from great joss," the boy said. "From his tom-tom. Medicine man come for it."

"Take me to him," I said; and he took me to the kitchen. There was an old native there with a curl of white hair over his left temple.

"Come outside," I shouted. "I can't hear myself speak in here for the noise of those curséd tom-toms."

The old native turned to Benoli's boy and asked something. The boy pointed to me and no doubt translated my speech. "He say why *you* hear the tom-toms, doctor, sir, when there is none? . . . He thinks perhaps it is the tom-tom of his joss."

"Tell him I'll hand him over to the constabulary."

The old man laughed, made a motion with his hand as if he were beating the tom-tom. He said something, but I could not hear for the hurricane of drumming. I felt as though my ears would burst; put my hands on my head and staggered. . . . The old man stopped his pantomime, and suddenly the tom-toms ceased; and he held out his hand and said something.

"He say," Benoli's boy translated, "that what is his is his, and what is yours is yours, and what is the great joss's is the great joss's. He say that is why you give it back to him, for I tell him you very nice man and medicine well to us."

I put the emerald in the extended hand. . . . I don't like to think of parting from it to this day. Benoli said it was worth five hundred; but afterwards he swore it would have fetched a thousand. That's all."

The doctor sighed heavily, and held out his empty glass as a signal to the steward.

"Benoli recovered, then?" someone asked.

"Recovered, the blighter," the doctor said. "Took several weeks over it, though. He didn't hear the tom-toms, but he saw the emerald! Called me a bally fool for parting with it; wouldn't pay me two-ten for his shares of two lives that I'd parted with it for. . . . However, I charged five pounds extra in the bill! And it doesn't tom-tom in my mind. . . . Don't drown it, steward. . . . Here's all the best, chaps, and nothing to tom-tom in *your* minds. . . . Mine? Well, when a chap's a ship's vet. at fifty there's generally a weak spot in his lungs or his life. There's no tom-tomming in my lungs!"

O. O.

The Daly Dancer

G. Mannell

MISS RENÉE GADD

Who does a speciality dance in that popular musical show, "Lady Mary," at Daly's Theatre. In addition to understudying Miss Vera Bryer, she is the ballet mistress at Daly's

THE RIVAL CREWS RACING FOR THE TURN AT THE BUOY

The Varsity Sailing Match

D. F. DENT (Balliol, Oxford) SAILING THE BUZZARD

THE OXFORD TEAM

D. F. Dent (Balliol), R. G. Cooke (New), E. A. Jessel (St. John's), J. M. Foster (St. John's) C. G. R. Amory (Worcester), and M. H. Giffen (Emmanuel, Cambridge, who made the team up)

The Annual Sailing Regatta between the Oxford and Cambridge University Sailing Clubs took place under pleasant conditions at Weymouth, the Weymouth Sailing Club placing their Falcon class craft at the disposal of the Universities. Cambridge were the victors by 38½ points to 25½

Photographs

THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM

G. E. Tozer (Trinity), F. P. Usborne (Clare), O. A. Jones (Emmanuel), P. A. Tritton (Trinity), P. M. Munro (Trinity), S. H. Morris (Trinity), and M. H. Giffen (Emmanuel), who was "extra man"

Sport and General

THE KITE, SAILED BY A CAMBRIDGE CREW, HEELING OVER AGAINST A STIFF BREEZE DURING THE RACING

Alfieri

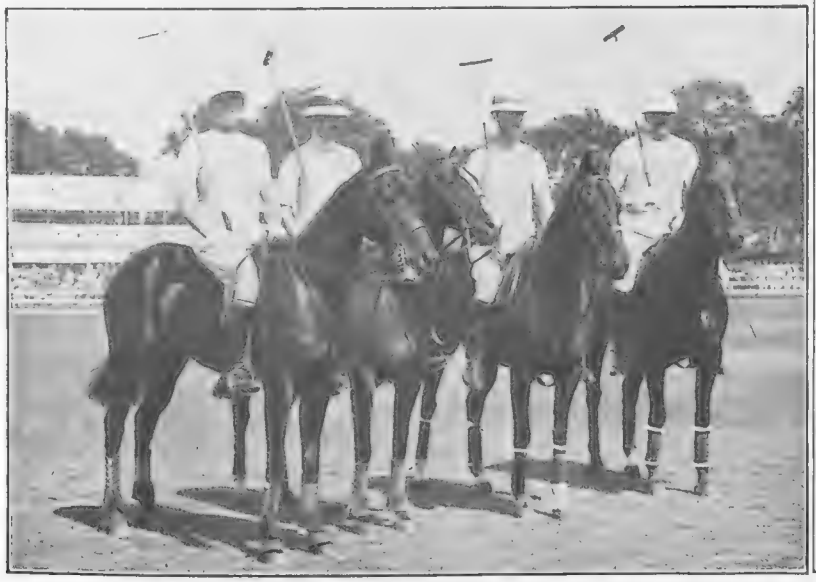
A group including the Marquésa Merry del Val (left), Lady Snagge, the King of Spain, the Duchess of Peñeranda, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, and Sir Harold Snagge

THE KING OF SPAIN *Alfieri*

Presenting the Champion Cup to Mr. S. Sanford, captain of the Hurricanes

At Ranelagh

A large and distinguished audience saw the Hurricanes beat El Gordo in the final of the Champion Cup by 9 goals to 5. The King of Spain, himself an able and enthusiastic player, presented the Cup to the winning team



THE HURRICANES *Sport and General*

Who beat El Gordo in the final of the Champion Cup. The photograph shows Mr. S. Sanford, Capt. C. T. I. Roark, Mr. D. C. J. Miller, and Major J. F. Harrison

DURING THE GAME *Alfieri*

A tussle for possession on the boards. The El Gordo players are in dark vests

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

THERE was brawling and battering, we are told, when *Jonny mene la danse,* which is officially described as a jazz-opera, was produced in Budapest or Vienna, or some other among those excitable centres of operatic experiments. The folk who like to call themselves "intellectuals," even though nobody else notices that they have any superabundance of intellect, chose to regard it as a challenge to their coffee-charged grey matter, and sought to fight fistic duels with the low-browed perpetrators of such an affront.

BUT no such bellicose element was aroused by the presentation of "Johnny leads the dance" to the people of Paris. Not that Parisian audiences consider themselves too superior to fight over mere matters of the theatre. In fact, they rather like to engage in a rough-and-tumble over such questions, as the records of the Comédie-Française show. But they like to think that the production is worth fighting about. And it must be confessed that in regard to the dance-leading Johnny they feel that the cause does not justify any such employment of effort.

AFTER all, the mere introduction of jazz music into an operatic production can scarcely be said to be sufficient to make it "jazz-opera," *pas vrai?* To qualify for the rather imposing title of opera something of more than the common order is required, and the "story" of "Jonny" is somewhat inane. This production at the Champs Elysées Théâtre had provoked quite exceptional interest, especially as Mrs. Jefferson D. Cohn was taking the leading *rôle*. Mrs. Cohn's unvaryingly successful appearances are altogether too rare, and this performance was looked upon as one of the *clous* of the season. If there had not been such an unusually competent cast there might have been unpleasant scenes, for Parisian audiences, especially first-night audiences, are swift to express their displeasure. As it was, there was some hissing to indicate boredom over the plot and disappointment with the music. We must write off as "flat" what had been expected to be a triumph, while recognising that there were no failures on the part of the cast.

"There was brawling and battering"

WE have had a new engagement added to our round. *Comme suite* to the *thé-dansant* and the *diner-dansant* we now have the *golf-dansant*. It has just been introduced by one of the Paris golf clubs that is situated in the forests that fringe the French capital, and is a very pronounced success. First you gather on the verandah of the clubhouse for dinner. That in itself holds a rare charm, for there are few more pleasant places for the enjoyment of a sound French dinner on a summer evening than a verandah with a view over lovely forests for something like ten miles. Then, after dinner, there is dancing till 2 a.m. There is nothing to be said about dancing—you either like it or you don't—but it may be incidentally recorded that French golfing girls are rather nice dancing partners.

AT 2 a.m. comes the innovation, which is an approaching and putting competition on the green nearest the clubhouse. You run about a dozen of the most powerful cars of members on to the fairway and train the headlights on the green, and you are thoroughly fitted up for the competition, in which, it has already been proved, the "rabbits" have as much chance as the "tigers," and even more fun, thanks to greater irresponsibility. The *golf-dansant* promises to have quite a vogue round Paris, for many girls whose family traditions do not permit them to visit Paris *dancings* o' nights can go to a much jollier golf

"With a view over lovely forests"

(*Continued on page 90*)

Revelry by Night at the Globe

Stage Photo Co.

"PLEASED TO MEET YOU!"

A scene from "Holding Out the Apple," the comedy at the Globe Theatre recently withdrawn after a fortnight's run. On the left, Anastasia (Miss Yvonne Rorie) and Sydney (Mr. Patrick Waddington) visit Miss Hermione Baddeley in the part of Vera in somewhat unconventional circumstances

(Continued from page 88)
club dance without offending against any of the social standards, and for them, being still young, it is rather a thrilling experience to be out in the very heart of the forests after the witching hour of midnight.

I WAS chatting with one of the organisers of the new amusement, and I asked him if he did not think there was a danger of golf becoming altogether too popular in France now that it could be indulged in as a midnight pastime. "*C'est bien possible,*" he said, "but the danger is not a new one, when I recall a story that I heard in a Paris club twenty years ago. Said a woman to a golfer who had just been introduced to her, 'So you play *le golf* also? My husband simply adores that. He is so passionately fond of it that there is no possibility of his coming home from his golf club before three o'clock in the morning.'" This excuse for returning home with the milkman may now become more common in Paris.

"My husband simply adores that"

I BELIEVE I have already mentioned—*très souvent, pourrait-on dire*—that members of the Chamber of Deputies are not exactly the most popular people in France, and that ordinary citizens, individually and collectively, enjoy nothing better than witnessing their discomfiture. There was, therefore, much delight over an incident that occurred in a first-class railway carriage on one of the famous *rapides*. The ticket collector came in with his slumber-breaking call of "*Vos billets.*" A bulky personage, with a rosette in his lapel, who had given the other passengers the impression that he was striving to maintain an air of importance and solemnity, elaborately extracted a *carte de circulation* from his pocket, flourished it, and then exclaimed peremptorily, "*Deputé!*"

THERE was a chilling pause. Then a traveller who was sitting directly opposite repeated the gesture of searching in an inside pocket for an imaginary Deputy's pass, but at the end he produced an ordinary bought-with-francs first-class ticket and presented it to the collector with the equally loud comment, "Taxpayer!" The corridor door slid open and the Deputy glided away! RENÉ.

THE "LITTLE CORPORAL" AT THE TIVOLI

A domestic scene from "Napoléon," the film at the Tivoli, which is a gigantic production that suffers perhaps from its very vastness The new triple screen effect was not entirely successful, though the camera work and the production of the crowd scenes were excellent. M. Dieudonné was an almost lifelike Napoleon, and on the left of the photograph is seen the beautiful Josephine de Beauharnais (Gina Manès)

Crouching figures . . . steel springs waiting the release of the trigger . . . Bang ! . . . Human rockets soaring over the sticks . . . outstretched arms . . . back-tilted head, the winner breasts the tape . . . Scraps of paper that flutter across the green fields . . . hurtling figures that plunge into the green waters . . . And afterwards . . . the dressing room . . . the exhilarating shock of the shower . . . the quick change . . . . "two Worthingtons, please ! "

MISS DOROTHY BLACK *Janet Jevons*

Who made a great success as the step-daughter in the Pirandello comedy, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," at the Globe Theatre. Miss Black, who comes from South Africa, is an actress of great promise

Femina

LIFE AND ITS ADVERTISEMENTS

By CANDIDA

AT this time of the year they rain in by every post. No; I don't mean the usual sort of invitation to this or that. July is less danced in than it was, nobody knows why exactly; it's supposed to be too hot for shows and (with one or two exceptions) too late for crushes. My July invitations are sale catalogues, but "catalogue" doesn't describe them. They're paths to enchantment, the enchantment of perfect days on the Lido in one of Jean Patou's cutest; of gorgeous nights at Casinos in something terribly *comme il faut* by Worth—all reduced, I needn't add, to next to nothing during one golden fortnight. And so I tear open their envelopes, and, dreaming dreams, forget to look at the letters of the misguided people who write to me.

PERHAPS, choosing the better, or anyway the safer, way you don't look at sale catalogues. Think of what you miss! They're drawn up by one genius and illustrated by another. We all know that the best brains (strictly *incog.*, of course) go into the advertising business, and that your great man of letters who now makes his two shillings a word for saying nothing in particular will shortly take his five for saying a great deal. It was Mr. Arnold Bennett, I believe, who said somewhere that to write a novel was easy, anybody could do it; but to write a newspaper article was an achievement. Considering the amount of articles that get themselves written, achievements are cheap to-day. To me it seems that to write a newspaper article is easy, anybody could do it. But to write an advertisement that will "pull," as they say in the advertiser's lingo, is an achievement.

THINK of what it means! Or, rather, don't think and be pleasantly illuded. It conjures up such visions, opens such doors on great possibilities, and rouses such a complexity of emotions! Life, as you and I know it, is sometimes a pretty dull business, but you'd never guess it from its advertisements. I read of mansions of light and loveliness to dwell in, bristling with every device for comfort; of splendid hotels with every room facing south; of comfortable tours through the beauty spots of Europe at the cost of a few paltry guineas; of prizes for collectors, of goodness knows what not. There are glimpses, too, of unsuspected drama: "Will the lady in black wearing red carnations who was in such-and-such a place at such-and-such a time write to Box X, No. So-and-So?" Would you write if you happened to be the lady in black? Would you risk adventure, or would you prefer to see no end to the incident and keep it as something to wonder about, a mysterious might-have-been, a bright purple patch in the dull grey business of living?

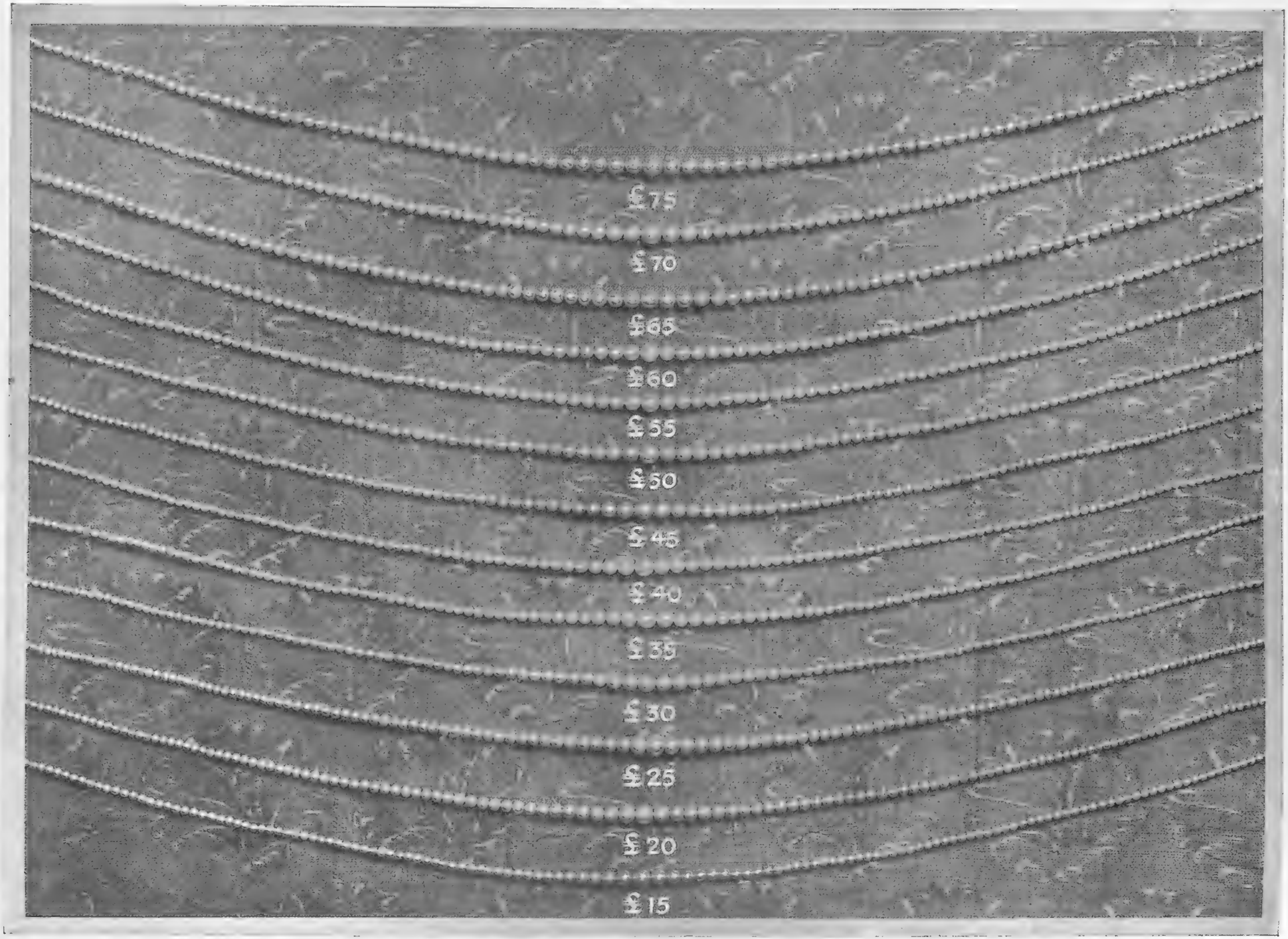
FROM my sale catalogue I might quote at random. There are pearls of opportunities in the way of Paris "creations" at no price at all. But I'll say no more, or you might be there before me on that last Monday morning of the final reductions. And you might carry off the prize, although, more often than not, the bargain's no bargain at all. Who cares in the excitement of the moment? You go for an hour or so to one or two of our best houses Hanover Square way and find anarchy rampant instead of the usual orderly and expensive atmosphere. Paris models trail negligently over the backs of gilt chairs; Paris models heap the Louis XVI sofa; Paris models litter the Aubusson carpet.

DO you always like them? Can you always wear them? Let's be candid about those Paris models. Robbed of their atmosphere and of the enchanting young things who wore them at the spring shows, is it possible to see them as they really are? I wonder? When I don't like the *dernier cri* it's on the Dr. Fell principle. Or else I have only too many reasons and none of them is really convincing. So, for fear of being weighed and found wanting by the specialist people, I fall back on vague adjectives and buy like a lamb. Paris is supposed to turn out daring, original, and beautiful work according to everybody who knows; therefore every French model you meet must be beautiful, original, and daring. But this isn't saying that Paris models aren't all that their creators claim. Only that there are models *and* models, and that we're apt to sit down contentedly under the wrong sort, especially when it's a sale bargain. The other day I picked up one that transgressed against all my prejudices. "It's a Paris model by . . ." said the saleswoman haughtily, as if to say, "After that have an opinion if you dare." And, accordingly, I had none.

CANDIDA.

MISS GRACIE FIELDS *Lenare*

The popular actress, whose individual rendering of music-hall songs has won her many laurels. She is at present delighting visitors to the Café Royal with her singing and patter every night



Well matched Pearl Necklaces from £15 . 0 . 0 upwards are a feature of Cartier's new collection of real Indian Pearls. CARTIER Ltd., 175, New Bond Street, W.1.

Vigour

Athletes train on delicious "Ovaltine" because it not only builds up sinew and muscle but supplies the nervous vitality that creates the "will-to-win"

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

484

FLYING NOTES

Keystone

FROM THE ORIENT

Miss Lully Goon, an eighteen-year-old Chinese girl who is planning a flight from New York to London. She was recently flying instructor to the Chinese Nationalists

L.N.A.

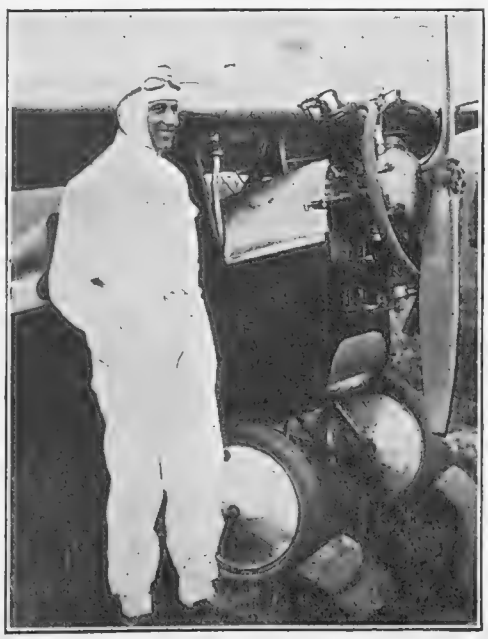
AN ATLANTIC FLIER

Fraulein Thea Rasche (right) beside the "North Star," in which she hopes to fly from America to Berlin. With her is Mrs. James A. Stillman, who is financing the flight

EVERY year the Display is described in the superlative, and each time this is justified by some outstanding performance or some remarkable machine. This year the general public had an opportunity of seeing the "Slotted Wing" in action. It saw the first real advance in the size of machines for ten years, when the "Inflexible" took the air, piloted by Squadron Leader Noakes, who was the original exponent of crazy flying. A high wing monoplane fitted with a new engine by Rolls-Royce climbed vertically into the sky, and justified the feeling that this engine will help us to recapture the world's speed record, now held in Italy by Bernhardi. Everyone left the Display realising that we have the supremacy of the air technically within our grasp, and that, provided designers, constructors and pilots are given a free hand, our aircraft will occupy in the near future the same enviable position on the world's trade routes as our ships do to-day.

Lt. Bentley has gone to the Liverpool Aero Club for three months, and will give instruction at Hooton Park, where he was stationed some years ago with the R.A.F. Another flight to South Africa is being attempted shortly by Lt. Murdoch on an "Avian" loaned by Mr. John Body. Although the rainy season has started in the Sudan, when some of the cotton-soil aerodromes become unfit for landing, he expects to bridge the bad area in a single flight and demonstrate the practicability of the route in all seasons. Otherwise it must remain a seaplane route, and an alternative will have to be surveyed *via* the Sahara. South Africa possesses a very active light 'plane club at Port Elizabeth, equipped with a "Widgeon" and a "Moth," and operating from a municipal aerodrome 1,000 yards square, which is the largest in the country. It is interesting to notice that they employ a Publicity Secretary to establish local interest, so that the club may be self-supporting as soon as assistance from the Government ceases. Unless our clubs follow this example by emphasising that they are performing a national service in catering for local needs, their financial engine may fail and the machine crash as a result.

Miss Grace is the first woman member of the Hampshire Club to get an "A" licence, bringing their total up to thirty-nine. Members living in Bournemouth have been getting "dual" on the local racecourse, and it is hoped that it will be possible to arrange this at least once a week, so that a branch of the club can be formed there. A large number of flying enthusiasts live in Devon and Cornwall, and there is a constant demand by private owners for some municipal or club aerodrome between Newton Abbot and Plymouth. There was some hope that the Roborough site at Plymouth would be secured by the Corporation to establish a connection by air with ocean-going steamships, and now it is suggested that Newton Abbot racecourse may be cleared of obstacles, making an ideal site for single-engined machines. The Nottingham Club has soon got into its stride, with eight



Planet News

A RECORD BREAKER

M. Bouthier, the Belgian aviator who recently broke the world's speed record for light 'planes. In his Aviette he attained a speed of 185 kilometres per hour

THE CUP OF PEACE G.P.U.

Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., the famous airman who took part in 170 air battles, at a gathering of airmen in London. Included in the group which is toasting him are some of the German "aces" against whom he fought in air battles during the war

soloists already and Mr. Harold Ashworth as their first private owner. Accompanied by Mr. Martin, the club instructor, he took delivery of a very smart "Avian" from Woodford Aerodrome, flying the fifty-eight miles to Nottingham in twenty-two minutes. Miss Earhart sailed for the United States with Lady Heath's "Avian" on board, as American light 'planes seem to be in the same state of development as the early Fords, whose nuts and bolts provided the ballast for America's finest speedways.

With an Australian order for twenty "Moths," to be built by their subsidiary company, and a steady sale of eight a week from Stag Lane, De Havilland's have found that "civil aviation will fly by itself," provided it is handled by a sufficiently bold financial pilot. If Mr. Churchill could be persuaded to support his dictum by giving some tax relief to profits derived from commercial aviation, particularly on the operational side, many sound schemes for Empire development would go ahead, and the prices of civil and service machines would fall owing to increased production.

Armstrong Siddeleys are exhibiting at the Montreal Aviation Exhibition and at the Paris Show. The first number of their *Air Mail* gives a vast amount of information for owners of "Avians" and "Genets."

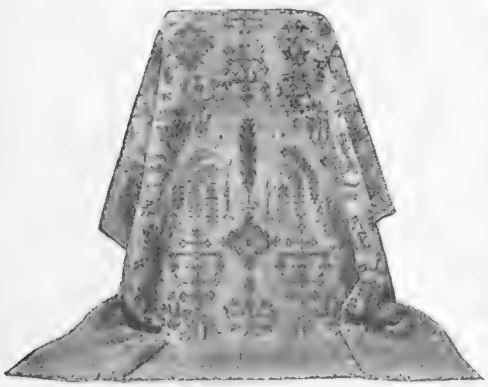
The new aeroplanes reserved for the Prince of Wales and his staff are all-metal Westland "Wapitis," fitted with 450 h.p. Bristol "Jupiters" and "Fairey" duralumin airscrews. An additional cockpit designed for "desert equipment" on service in the East can be used for personal luggage, so that this type is admirably suited for comfortable high-speed touring.

There seems to be no doubt that women continue to outnumber men on Imperial Airways' Paris service, because they appreciate the increased comfort and convenience of air travel. That dreadful sea crossing is avoided; there are no passport queues; and it is possible to alight at the other end looking sane and healthy, with an hour or two for shopping before the mere males arrive. C. E. WARD.

TO-DAY and until 28th HAMPTONS' JULY SALE

secures to every purchaser values in tasteful Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

CARPETS



HAMPTONS' EXTRA FINE FANCY TURKEY CARPETS.

Lot 392. Being direct importers, Hamptons are always able to offer most attractive values in these exceptionally hard wearing and decorative carpets. The range of colourings and designs, a typical example of which is shown on left, is very great. In addition to those specified below, there are many other sizes. All are being sold at similarly great reductions.

Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	To £ s. d.	Reduced from £ s. d.	To £ s. d.
8 10×	5 0	9 14 0	8 5 0	
8 9×	8 11	17 2 6	14 11 6	
9 7×	8 1	17 0 0	14 9 0	
9 10×	7 2	15 9 6	13 3 0	
9 11×	6 9	14 13 6	12 10 0	
10 2×	7 9	17 5 6	14 14 0	
10 4×	7 2	16 5 0	13 16 6	
10 8×	9 0	21 1 6	17 18 6	
11 1×	8 2	19 17 0	16 17 6	
11 6×	9 4	23 11 6	20 1 0	
11 8×	8 0	20 9 6	17 8 0	
12 2×	9 2	24 9 6	20 16 0	
12 3×	9 5	25 6 6	21 10 6	
12 9×	10 0	27 19 6	23 15 6	
13 2×	11 10	34 4 0	29 1 6	
13 6×	10 3	30 7 0	25 16 0	
13 9×	12 3	36 19 6	31 8 6	
14 1×	10 3	31 13 6	26 19 0	
14 7×	11 9	37 12 0	31 19 6	
14 11×	12 1	39 10 6	33 12 0	
15 2×	11 3	37 9 0	31 17 0	
15 8×	13 2	45 5 6	38 10 0	
15 9×	12 3	42 6 6	35 19 6	
16 0×	9 11	34 16 6	29 12 6	
16 2×	12 10	45 10 0	38 13 6	
16 4×	13 4	47 15 6	40 12 6	
17 3×	12 2	46 0 0	39 2 0	
17 11×	12 1	47 10 0	40 7 6	
18 7×	12 0	48 19 6	41 12 6	

HAMPTONS' SEAMLESS AXMINSTERS.

GUARANTEED TO BE OF BEST BRITISH MANUFACTURE ONLY.

Lot 400. All the Carpets in this lot are perfect in every respect. The one illustrated on right is a typical example of a number of choice designs and colourings which are being cleared at the great reductions specified below. The selection includes a good range of **PERSIAN, TURKISH & CHINESE REPRODUCTIONS,** together with designs in chintz colourings, so that practically any room can be suited. The range of sizes is very great. A number of typical sizes are quoted:

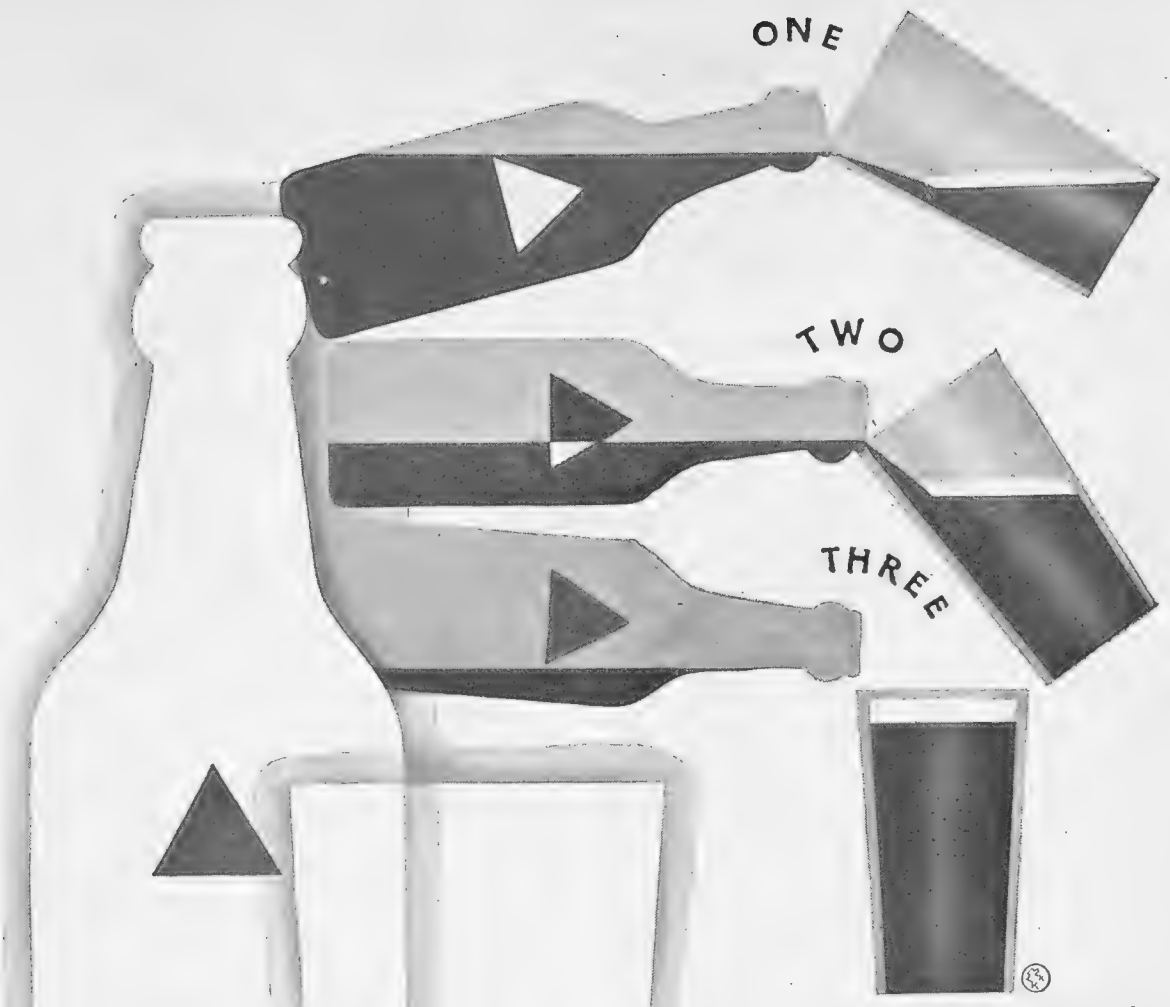
Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	To £ s. d.	Reduced from £ s. d.	To £ s. d.
7 6×6	0 4	2 6 3	1 3	
7 6×7	6 5	3 3 3	3 16 6	
9 0×6	0 4	19 0 3	13 6	
9 0×7	6 6	3 9 4	12 0	
9 0×9	0 7	8 6 5	10 3	
10 6×6	0 5	15 6 4	5 9	
10 6×7	6 7	4 6 5	7 3	
*10 6×	9 0	8 13 3	6 8 9	
10 6×	10 6	10 2 3	7 10 0	
12 0×	7 6	8 5 0	6 2 6	
*12 0×	9 0	9 18 0	7 7 0	
*12 0×	10 6	11 11 0	8 11 6	
12 0×	12 0	13 4 0	9 16 0	
13 6×	9 0	11 2 9	8 5 6	
*13 6×	10 6	13 0 0	9 13 0	
13 6×	12 0	14 17 0	11 0 6	
15 0×	10 6	14 8 9	10 14 6	
*15 0×	12 0	16 10 0	12 5 0	
15 0×	13 6	18 11 3	13 15 9	
16 6×	12 0	18 3 0	13 9 6	

*The Medallion Centre Carpet illustrated above is available only in the sizes marked **

For illustrations of many other unequalled bargains in Furniture (Modern and Antique), Bedsteads, Bedding, Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics and heavy Curtains, Lace Curtains, Household Linen, Wallpapers, Pianos, China, Glass, Ironmongery, etc.

See HAMPTONS' ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE, sent free.

HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1, Pay Carriage on Sale Goods to any Railway Station in Great Britain.



Pour Bass like this—to do full justice to its sparkling amber goodness. Bottle held steady against lip of glass [SEE ONE] letting the golden beer trickle gently down the slope [SEE TWO] never tilting the bottle more than this [SEE THREE] For that's the way to get your

BASS

at its wonderful best and brightest, good as only Bass can be. ▲ Always pour Bass like this!

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

MISSED OPPORTUNITY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

HERE is a case on which I was asked to adjudicate and about which the player Z was most emphatic in condemnation of his partner.

"He does not know the language of Bridge," he affirmed. "To any intelligent player my bids were obvious, and through his stupidity we missed the game and rubber."

Strong and unqualified abuse!

Now let us examine the situation dispassionately and see how far Z was justified.

	S.—K, Q, 5, 3. H.—9, 8, 3. D.—Q, J, 10. C.—K, 7, 2.	
S.—J, 10, 9. H.—K, Q, J, 10. D.—4. C.—A, Q, 10, 6, 5.	Y A B Z	S.—8, 7, 6, 2. H.—6. D.—8, 5, 3, 2. C.—J, 9, 4, 3.
	S.—A, 4. H.—A, 7, 5, 4, 2. D.—A. K, 9, 7, 6. C.—8.	

Score: Game all. A B, 16 in rubber game. A dealt and bid "One Club"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "One Diamond"; A, "Two Clubs"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Two Hearts"; A, "Three Clubs"; Y, "Three Diamonds." All passed.

Z made his contract, but was furious with Y, whose calling he considered "criminal." "I shrieked to you," he said, "to go 'No Trumps' if you held a guard in Clubs. Instead of which you put me back into a footling Diamond call."

. . . . . .

The matter is not quite so simple as Z appears to think. In the first place, on A's hand I should have called an initial "One Heart," instead of "One Club." The bidding would then have proceeded Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "One No Trump"—a perfectly justifiable call on his hand. If A had then shown "Two Clubs" Y should certainly bid "Two No Trumps."

But as A elected to say nothing about Hearts and to bid Clubs, I think Y was backward on the second round not to bid "Two Diamonds" over the two Clubs.

This would not have affected the issue unless Z had then called "Two Hearts." In this event Y should have taken the hint and bid "Two No Trumps" when A called "Three Clubs."

But on the actual bidding Y could not be blamed severely for not calling "Two No Trumps" over the three Club bid.

First of all, it must be remembered that Z's bid of Diamonds on first round was a *forced* bid. It did not necessarily show top honours in the suit, but it did show length and some strength. Secondly, Z's bid of "Two Hearts" was not a certain guide to Y that he held the Ace of the suit. Z was showing a second suit, but it could not be inferred for certain that was so strong.

All the same, I think Y was backward. In his position I should have risked a No Trump bid. I should have argued as follows:—

A cannot have three Aces or he would have called "No Trumps." B has been unable to support A on his first and second bids. Therefore, it is unlikely B has a hand of any merit. Z, on the contrary, has shown two suits voluntarily and must have a rather powerful hand. If not, he ought to have left the Clubs alone.

Therefore, I should, in Y's position, after the "Three Clubs" bid, call "Two No Trumps." But, while I think Y should have done it, I cannot blame him in Z's drastic fashion.

By Appointment.

Even in the West End

It is true that the West End sets the fashion in men's clothes all over the world. But even in the West End there are a select few houses whose tailoring is the arbiter of style. They may be counted on one hand, and the thumb stands for Bernard Weatherill.

It is not a question of price—as you will see on the accompanying list. The reason is that precious thing called reputation.

Lounge Suits from 6 gns.
Dinner Jacket Suits from 10 gns.
Plus Four Suits from 7 gns.
Overcoats from . . 6 gns.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Also at 81, Cannon Street, E.C.4. Birmingham: 39, Cannon Street.

BRANCHES AT ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY.

Battersby BRITISH HATS FOR MEN

20/-, 25/-, 30/-

YOUR HATTER CAN SUPPLY YOU

OSTEND

1928

AND ITS ROYAL PALACE

POLO

By A. W. COATEN

Champion Cup Final

THE final of the Champion Cup was rather a curious game. For the first three or four chukkers there was not a great deal to choose between El Gordo and the Hurricanes. Although the latter were leading by a couple of goals at the end of the fourth period, their superiority had not been so pronounced that one could be certain that they would run out winners. At the fifth stage of the game, however, a transformation occurred. The Hurricanes fairly made rings round the others, and, putting on four more goals in quick succession, placed the issue beyond all doubt. Thus in the end the Hurricanes comfortably repeated the success they had gained in the tournament last year.

The Weak Spot

IF I were asked to try to put my finger on the real weakness of El Gordo in this match, I would say it was the inability of their Number 1 to do himself justice on the soft ground. It so happened that some heavy showers fell just before the match and during the opening chukker. This caused the turf to cut up rather badly, and the Hurricanes were able to adapt themselves to these conditions much better than their opponents did. The Duke of Peñaranda never got properly going. In spite of the fact that his ponies, carrying a comparatively light weight, must be lengths faster than those ridden by Major Jack Harrison, the latter was always travelling too well for the opposing No. 1. One of Major Harrison's ponies was the twenty-year-old Sunny Jim, who, in spite of his weight of years, acquitted himself most gallantly in this game. Mr. Lacey was decidedly the most effective member of the losing side.

Fine Ponies

AS for the winners, I shirk the unenviable task of singling out one more than another for special praise. Let me say that they all did well, and leave it at that. Mr. Sanford's ponies, of which no fewer than thirteen did service in the game, have rarely been seen to better advantage. I noticed several which were purchased out of the Army-in-India team in America last autumn. One was the English thoroughbred mare Lady Slane, who carried her owner particularly well. Another was the brilliantly speedy and active Late Night. Three of Mr. Sanford's ponies were placed at the disposal of Mr. Desmond Miller, and it was delightful to see the excellent way in which he handled Shamrock and the others. All that I wrote of this young player last week was confirmed by his sound work in the Champion Cup final. We have another opportunity of seeing these teams in rivalry again. This will be in the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, where El Gordo will make a big effort to reverse the Hurlingham result. They may prove successful if the game is played on the top of the ground.

Empire Cup

I HOPE conditions will be favourable on Saturday for the inaugural match for the Empire Cup, which is the gift of the Prince of Wales. The trophy is for competition among teams from different parts of the Empire, and we should like to see it fought out by representatives from India, Australia, and other Dominions overseas. There seems to be, however, little prospect of a visit from an Australian team, though this has been talked about for some years past. The Army-in-India team, now the guests of polo players in New South Wales, have been winning all along the line. A week or two ago they defeated their rivals for the Dudley Cup by a crushing margin. This does not suggest that the standard of polo in Australia is particularly high at the present time. The game for the Empire Cup this week will be between Ireland and a Hurlingham team. The latter is to be composed of Major G. Phipps-Hornby, Capt. W. S. McCreery, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise, and Major J. F. Harrison, who will captain the side. The Ireland team consists of Major T. W. Kirkwood, Capt. C. T. I. Roark, Mr. Humphrey Guinness, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill. It looks like being a really good fight.

Nature's Bulwark Against Rheumatism

THE best medical authority affirms that the acid formations which cause rheumatic conditions can be successfully broken up and eliminated if taken in time.

Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote against rheumatic tendencies in the system. Drawn direct from the famous Célestins rock-spring, its tonic and mildly stimulating properties ward off the pains and penalties of *rheumatism*. Vichy-Célestins is also a safe and effective tonic-digestant.

Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals. You'll enjoy it and will derive great benefit from its use.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The French Natural Mineral Water.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Rd., London, S.E.1
and at Liverpool and Bristol.

VICHY · ETAT

The " New Tailoring " is a most convincing illustration of the truth that success springs from success. Its sustained progress has given us bigger opportunities, bigger obligations. Every year we have been able to broaden its scope—to extend its service—to produce more exclusive cloths at lower cost—to develop its system of true-to-life fittings until now even the most unlikely figures can be perfectly fitted.

"THE NEW TAILORING"—YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH

SUMMER SUITS
Many fine examples
6, 7, 8 & 10 gns.

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

New Tailoring Floors: 107-113 Regent St. 24 Coventry St. (West) 13 Fenchurch St. (City)

SR 2928 *Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Preston* AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

ROYAL HENLEY AT ITS BEST *Central Press*

A panoramic view of the famous regatta course at Henley as it appeared last week. The leafy trees and gleaming water afford a wonderfully beautiful setting for the bright pageantry of this the greatest of all river regattas

The Glory of Royal Henley

REGATTA DOINGS SEEN BY THE CAMERA

A FIGHTING FINISH *Planet News*

Westminster Bank and Caius College (Cambridge) in a desperately close finish in their heat for the Thames Cup. Westminster Bank finally won by 8 ft. after a ding-dong race, which was one of the most thrilling seen in the Thames Cup heats

ON THE LAWN *Central Press*

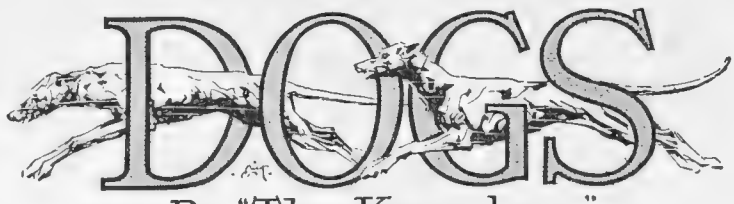
Lady Maclean photographed on the Members' Lawn with her two little girls. Their interest in the proceedings is very evident

HERO-WORSHIP *Central Press*

Mr. E. A. Garratt being shown off by a whole-hearted admirer at Henley. The photograph was taken on the Members' Lawn

BETWEEN RACES *Central Press*

Society flocked to Henley i large numbers and the lawns were as crowded as in pre-war days. In the above photograph a group of spectators, including Lady Astor, are seen on the Members' Lawn



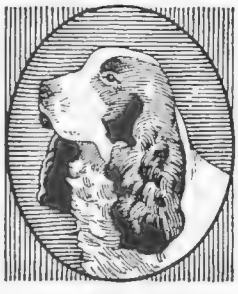
By "The Kennelman"

THE season of country and seaside holidays always brings an extra press of recruiting for the ever-growing army of Dog-fanciers of both sexes. Nowadays, folk have given up the casual old fashion of simply deciding to "go in" for keeping "a" Dog. They often start off with two or three, and plans for founding a kennel, and, at the least of it, are rightly clear on requiring a *pucca* pedigree specimen, true to type, and attractive on points, apart from the question of disposition. This is all to the good, for the gradual disappearance of the mongrel is the biggest factor, not only in the improvement of the canine types, but in the all-round well-being of the canine race. The production of mongrels means the multiplication of homeless strays, and uncared for, unhappy animals, and the spread of disease.

Increase in the ranks of the doggy brings always increase in the press of inquiries from correspondents, especially on that inexhaustible point, the choice of breed. It's a question which deserves and should be given thorough consideration, not only with reference to personal preferences, but to the accommodation available and the situation of the home. Also, where there is any likelihood of puppies coming along, the novice naturally likes to feel that the market for any young stock he may raise will be a good one.

Providing he knows where to look for information there is no reason why the novice should not be as well posted as the veteran fancier. The headquarters of British dogdom, the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly), produces an invaluable monthly journal, *The Kennel Gazette* illustrated, admirably edited, and rich in authentic doggy information. In it will be found the vital statistics of British dogdom, showing precisely the relative progress of the different breeds. In the June issue, for example, will be found comparative tables showing the registrations of pedigree Dogs of all breeds in each year from 1908 to 1927, omitting the disastrous War period. The sensational feature of the figures, of course, is provided by the Alsatian; a post-war development which would seem to have reached its climax a year or so ago. Among the Terriers, the sporting little Cairn, who boasted no more than thirty-six registrations in 1910, has now reached the high level of two thousand by a process of steady advance. Among the Gun-dogs, the Labrador and the Golden Retriever have easily out-distanced all others in progress, excepting the beloved Cocker, who has gone from five hundred to four thousand. Pekingese have achieved almost exactly the same wonderful advance, and with never a look back. Greyhounds have leaped to the front during the past year; while for steady and continuous increase the Irish Wolfhounds figure prominently. Great Danes have advanced rapidly in the past couple of years.

Another useful source of information is furnished by the Popular Dogs Publishing Co., of 65, Long Acre, W.C.2, whole handbooks on the different leading breeds form excellent guides. The latest, by Robert Leighton and Mrs. Baer, is "The Popular Chow Chow"; a really first-rate study of this exceptionally interesting variety, whose annual registrations have risen from 140 in 1908 to 1,111 in 1927, and whose present-day popularity is based on very solid merit. It is a breed which has reached an extremely high standard, and is as full of distinctive personality and character as any that has come to us from abroad. The authors of this book are most certainly to be congratulated, for, whilst omitting nothing important in fact and detail, they have produced something more interesting and illuminating than any mere textbook: they have indeed done justice to a very notable canine person.



He's only waiting for you to take some notice of him, and then he'll be as pleased as Punch. But if he interrupts your conversation with a violent fit of scratching you will both feel uncomfortable.

Avoid such a contretemps by washing him regularly with

Kur-Mange

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., Berkhamsted

Of all Agents. 1/6 & 2/6.

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BY APPOINTMENT

and Poultry Owners can have the Free advice of qualified Veterinary Surgeons and Poultry Experts whenever they need it, if they

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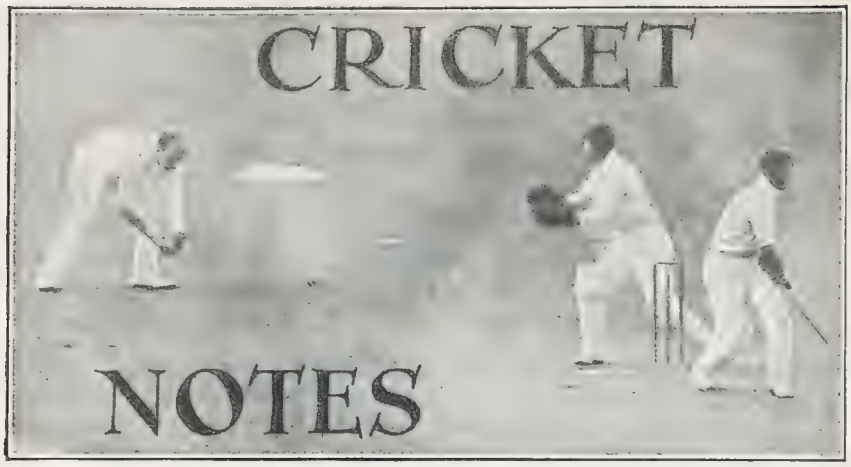


L.B.W. AT THE OVAL *Central News*

Hunt, of Somerset, photographed being bowled l.b.w. by Gregory in the recent match between Surrey and Somerset at the Oval. P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey captain (left), took a risk by putting Somerset in, and the West Country side scored 317 in the first innings, but Surrey replied with 364 for 7 (dec.) in their first innings

TOURING TEAMS

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

CRICKET tours are a cheerful and pleasant way of getting to know the world in which we live, its various climates, scenery, its institutions and habits. In theory, indeed, what could be more delightful than touring the wide spaces of the earth with a band of friends and sportsmen who are all animated with the desire to uphold the prowess of the Mother Country in our great national game.

Nevertheless, anyone who has ever accompanied a team of English cricketers abroad will agree with me that all sorts of difficulties, sometimes quite unforeseen at the moment of starting, have to be overcome if the tour is to be a success.

It is marvellous what a little thing will upset the equanimity and good fellowship of the side, just as some minute foreign body can bring to a standstill a complicated and powerful piece of modern machinery.

In the first place, if we Englishmen at home have a fault, it is to imagine that whatsoever we think agreeable in social behaviour or social institutions is necessarily something which will appeal to the inhabitants of other countries. To give one instance in our own homeland, rhetoric is somewhat at a discount, especially before the brandy and cigar stage arrives in the evenings, and even then, if one is in the unfortunate position of a speechmaker, one must be prepared to be welcomed with polite tolerance rather than enthusiasm, however heroic one's efforts in that direction.

In nearly all countries abroad, however, which I have visited speechmaking is a disease rather than a symptom, in fact, a positive epidemic. It has often been my lot to be awakened about 6 a.m. after a hectic evening on the train, when I had the greatest difficulty in keeping one eye open, let alone my mouth, and to have to reply to an address of welcome from the local mayor, who has been furbishing his flowers of oratory for a month beforehand!

Woe betide you if you allow the slightest trace of irritation or acidity to creep into your reply. The local bigwig is obviously enjoying himself so much, and throwing so much soul into his work, that it would be really unkind, as well as abominable tactics for the prosperity of your tour, not to answer in an equally enthusiastic manner.

On all such occasions one must try from policy as well as courtesy to throw oneself into the mood of the people one is with for the moment, like what they like, do what they do, and feel what they feel.

Take another case, that of a gigantic rancher, who has come to see the cricket, and perhaps travelled hundreds of miles from some remote homestead in the wilderness. He meets you in the lounge of your hotel, and full of goodwill and cheer for the whole world and everything in it, especially the English touring team, cracks you on the back (which ceased to be a popular habit in this country some centuries ago) and bellows at the top of his voice, "Come on, old bean, and have a gargle!" Again it would be neither policy nor courtesy to mutter a refusal or turn your shoulder on him and go on talking to your companions! Social etiquette in our own country has no longer many pitfalls, judging by the diminution of pamphlets published on the subject, but a cricketer travelling for the honour of old England abroad must obviously be armed with tact at all points and ready for every eventuality.

Now I pass to another topic which must be treated with great delicacy even on paper. I refer to the question of ladies accompanying the team on tour. The fair sex, while they are capable of stimulating all that is best in one's nature, were probably not brought into this world as peacemakers! Very properly they are burning with eagerness to see their husbands distinguish themselves. Judge of the difficulties of a captain, when, as only eleven men can play in one match, he has to go through the process of rejection besieged and supplicated all the time by importunate females. It is sometimes cruel and difficult enough to make your choice when only the feelings of the members of your team are involved, but when the sympathies of their wives are also concerned—gadzooks!

Cricketers' wives always seem to take it as a personal matter, and defend the reputations of their spouses with the ferocity of tigresses. They seem able to believe everything except that the skipper of the side is only animated with a sense of duty.

This difficulty of coping with the excessive loyalty of feminine attachments has led of recent years to somewhat drastic regulations on the part of the selection committees responsible for choosing touring teams.

The cricketing public will remember that the Australian Board of Control refused to allow any ladies to accompany the team on their last visit to England. There was a certain amount of feeling about it "Down Under," but one gathers that the fair Australian submitted finally to authority with the best grace she could muster. In South Africa, however, judging from what I read recently in the papers, there seems to have been something like a revolution on the part of the ladies who have famous cricketers as husbands. Fearing some such upheaval the Board of Control first tried to select a team composed entirely of bachelors, but they found that this would involve omitting too much talent.

They then chose a side irrespective of Cupid, at the same time uttering an edit: that no woman should travel to England with the team. The wives countered with another one immediately that under these conditions no husbands should be allowed to go to England either. How the Board of Control dealt with this menace I have forgotten, but the final upshot of the exchanges was a pronouncement by the wives that they had resolved to come home, if not on the cricketers' ship, on the one that left immediately before, and that they dared anyone in South Africa to prevent them.

There are countless other difficulties involved in choosing, running, and captaining a team abroad, and in these days of publicity you can imagine something of the care that must be devoted to the composition of a side destined for this purpose.

"I APPLIED for a vacancy in the beauty chorus yesterday."

"Dearest, I shouldn't have thought you had the face to do it!"

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

The Rowntree Jelly Recipe Book, showing these and many other delicious dishes—all tested and approved by the "Good Housekeeping" Institute—will be sent free for a postcard to Rowntree's, York.

(B.5. Dept.)

CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE

Scald ½ pint milk. Mix one dessert spoon Rowntree's Elect Cocoa and 1 tablespoonful sugar with a little boiling water; bring to boil. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Vanilla Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Add cocoa. When cool, gradually stir into ½ pint milk. Pour into wet mould. Leave to set.

RASPBERRY POMMES

Peel and core 3 or 4 large apples. Cook very gently in pie-dish, with enough water to cover and sugar to taste. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in water in which apples were cooked; add hot water to make up 1 pint. Place apples in glass dish, pour jelly over and leave to set. Decorate with jelly of another colour.

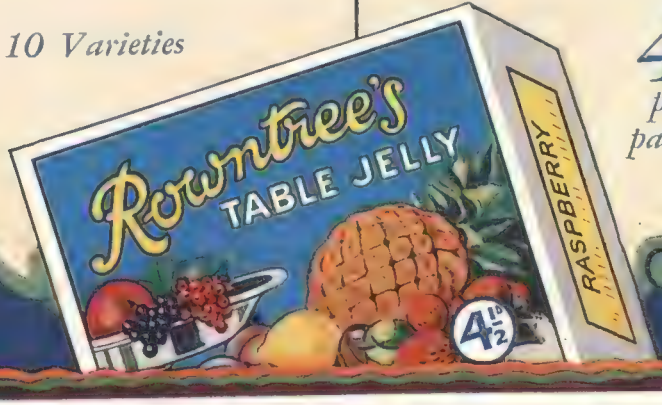
JELLY MARLBOROUGH

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Jelly in ¾ pint hot water; leave to cool. Trim sponge fingers to height of charlotte russe tin; brush their edges with white of egg; pack fingers tightly round mould. Whip jelly, when cold, to a sponge and pour into mould.

RUSSIAN CHARLOTTE

Dissolve one Rowntree's Jelly in ½ pint hot water. Line sides and bottom of a mould with jelly. When set, place finger biscuits round sides. Pour a little jelly into bottom of mould, decorating centre with angelica. When remainder is cool, whisk with ¼ pint milk and a little whipped cream. Pour into mould; leave to set.

10 Varieties



4½D. pint packet.

Beauty and Grace in the Film World

TWO STARS OF NEW PRODUCTIONS

Angelo

Janet Jevons

MISS BENITA HUME

The young English film actress, who has recently returned from Spain, where she has been playing lead in "A Light Woman," Adrian Brunel's latest production. She will also be seen with Ivor Novello in the Gainsborough production of "A South Sea Bubble"

MISS CLAIRE EAMES

Is a triumph of casting in her part of the aristocratic Lady Bellamont in Rex Ingram's first British film, "The Three Passions." Miss Eames is a director of the Theatre Guild and of the Actors' Theatre in America, where she is returning after completing her scenes in this new film, the interiors of which are being made at the Ingram Studio at Nice

Sun Bathing will not harm your skin

SUNLIGHT has a very beneficial effect on the system generally, so that sun bathing, as well as being delightful, is strengthening and invigorating.

Unfortunately, almost all skins unused to this treatment become very sore and painful, and should always be safeguarded by *Pond's Vanishing Cream*. Vanishing as soon as it is put on, this greaseless cream forms just beneath the surface of the skin a protective film, gives the complexion a beautiful surface, and makes a lasting base for powder. Always use *Pond's Vanishing Cream* before exposure and whenever you want to look your best. For soothing and cleansing the skin you should use *Pond's Cold Cream*, whose pure oils coax impurities from the pores with an ease which soap and water cannot emulate. Used last thing at night and two or three times during the day, it will keep the skin of your hands and face firm and supple, fine and beautifully clear.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

From all Chemists and Stores in handsome opal jars, **1/3** *and* **2/6.** *In tubes,* **6d.** *(for handbag) and* **1/-.** *Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars,* **5/-,** *and in extra large tubes,* **2/6.**

TRIAL SAMPLES Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 19), 103 St. John Street, E.C.1, will send for **2d.** in stamps for postage and packing a sample tube of both creams.

TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IN SYLVAN SETTING

A rest amidst the leafy charms of the Delamere Forest, in Cheshire. The car is a 12-32 h.p. Wolseley Saloon

A TRIAL RUN

One of the latest Bergius Standard launches being put through its paces on the Clyde. These launches afford a delightful medium for enjoying a holiday tour by water

SALOONS have been predominant this year, and it is certain that they will remain so. Their popularity, however, has been responsible for the development of a new type—the sports saloon. Sports two-seaters may be "natty," but they are usually somewhat uncomfortable—in bad weather, at any rate. The sports saloon, on the other hand, has all the comfort of the standard saloon and is at the same time faster, better on hills, and smarter in appearance. Usually its price is not much in excess of that of the ordinary saloon. A sports saloon which has become extremely popular recently is the new Standard "Nine." The bodywork of this is so low that a man of medium height can see over the roof easily, yet at the same time there is ample headroom for the tallest driver. Particular attention, too, has been paid to ventilation. The roof window can be opened, whilst incorporated in the driving screen there is a neat ventilator with staggered holes to provide fresh air without draught. Details such as these are of extreme importance if a saloon, be it of the sports or touring type, is to be as comfortable in summer as it is in winter.

THE thorough discussion of road risks that seems to have become the fashion in the last year or two has shed more light upon one insidious malefactor, namely, the "dangerous loiterer." He is the man who is content with a speed considerably lower than the average, and persists in maintaining it to the great inconvenience and danger of everyone else. He is not always a motorist. Cyclists riding abreast and refusing to move to their proper side come

A HOT FAVOURITE

The comfort and performance of a big car—but the price and running costs of a small one—that's what the Whippet offers you. Proved and tested by 100,000 enthusiastic owners, it has definitely established itself as a hot favourite in the light car field. Write to-day for the Whippet Folder.

4-Cylinder Models.

2-Door Saloon - £210
4-Door Saloon - £220
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4-Door Saloon - £240
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Overland Whippet

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Heaton Chapel, Stockport.
London Showrooms: 151, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

MOTOR SAFELY WITH "CURPAX" GRADUATED TINT SPECTACLES

Frames accurately fitted to individual measurements. Rolled Gold, 25/-. Also stocked in Gold, Horn, Shell and other materials.

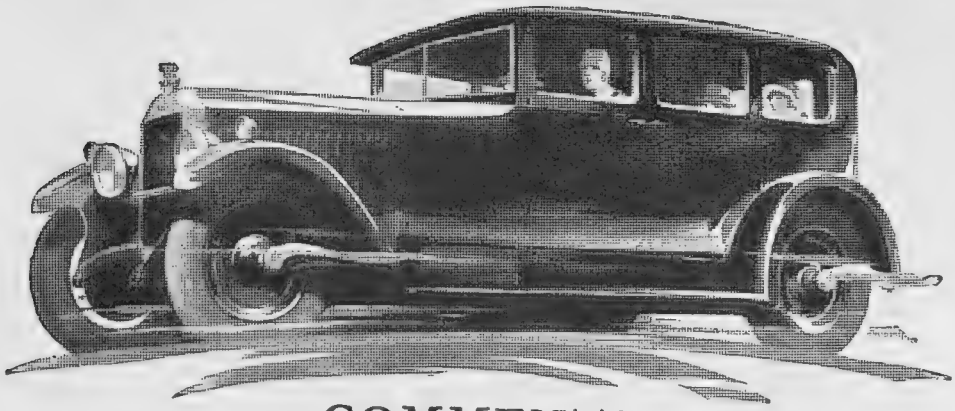
In headlight or sun glare the driver simply tilts his head. The specially fused lenses are ground to give a graduated tint deep at the top, fading to white at the line of direct vision.

The eyes are thereby protected just as much or as little as required.

CURRY & PAXTON Ltd., 22, Wigmore Street & 195, Gt. Portland Street, W.

A simple way to stimulate your Overseas Trade

Advertisers in "The Bystander" are reminded that "The Bystander" enjoys a very large circulation abroad. It is therefore advisable that advertisements in "The Bystander" should contain something in the nature of an Invitation to Overseas Buyers in the form of particulars of special packing for transmission abroad, suitability of the article for use abroad, varieties recommended for specified climates, etc., according to the nature and appeal of the advertised article.



COMMENTS

FROM THE PRESS

"A flexible performance on top gear is one of the most striking features of the 20-60 h.p. Vauxhall, the range of speed of the model tested being from 4 m.p.h. to 65 m.p.h. on this gear. Furthermore, 50 m.p.h. could be reached from 10 m.p.h. in 30 seconds. . . . In London traffic, apart from actual stops caused by hold-ups, there is literally no need to change down."
The Motor 31/1/28

"I should class the four-wheel brake set very high indeed in the very exclusive list of the world's best brakes." *The Observer* 26/2/28

"This engine is silent and smooth in operation, and its fine performance at low revolutions does not impair its capacity for speed, for I found the car, with a saloon body, was capable of doing well over 60 m.p.h." *Morning Post* 5/5/28

"It is actually a very good car indeed. . . . Its brakes are simply magnificent. All the controls are of the highest class—light, positive and delicious to handle. A small child can crash the brakes on for an emergency stop, so frictionless and well poised are the leverages."
The New Statesman 10/3/28

"The soundly sensible design of the coachwork and fittings calls for unqualified admiration. I was particularly struck with their solid efficiency and comfort." *Leicester Mercury* 12/12/27

FROM THE OWNER

"We are more than satisfied with the performance of our 20-60 Vauxhall, and we are pleased that this car should come to our notice before we had taken delivery of a ——— saloon which had been ordered some weeks previously."
T.F. 972 21/4/28

"The 20-60 Bedford saloon has exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I expected a lot from it. The power unit is very fine, and it takes the hills beautifully. I am also very well pleased with the finish of the car." T.F. 971 2/3/28

"We are delighted with the car. I am inclined to be nervous on the road, but with this car, which does everything required of it without effort, I shall have no need to worry, and I think I am going to *enjoy* driving!" T.F. 970 1/3/28

"I am thoroughly satisfied with the car; it is running perfectly and is quite up to all you say about it in your advertisements. The steering and braking are perfect; she will do 40-60 m.p.h. with ease and I have had her going 73 on two occasions, when the road was in her favour. I have driven cars that cost a lot more and can honestly say the running was not so beautifully sweet as in the Vauxhall 20-60. You have supplied us with a machine that has life, and with gentle feeding you can get fast and smooth running." T.F. 974 9/5/23

Interesting literature giving full particulars of the Vauxhall 20-60 will be forwarded on request. Write for catalogue containing illustrations of the nine body styles. Princeton Tourer £475. Bedford Saloon £495. Other types of equal value.

Vauxhall

The six superexcellent 20-60

R49

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED LUTON – BEDFORDSHIRE

into this category. It is now suggested that it should be amongst the duties of motoring police to catch these people red-handed. There is no doubt that a large proportion of accidents is due to the obstruction they cause, for after following the 18 m.p.h. car for some miles the most patient driver tends to become exasperated and tries to pass it out of sheer desperation.

* *
*

Mr. D. H. Noble, of the Rover Company, recently took a Rover Six through middle Europe to Budapest, and brought back some impressions of the roads and touring conditions that should be of value to anyone contemplating a tour in that part of Europe. German roads he describes as quite good except in the vicinity of large towns and cities. Austrian roads were at first decidedly satisfactory, he reports; not much tar, but surfaces were good, and they were able to bowl along at between 45 and 50 m.p.h. in comfort. But the last 30 miles from Vienna to the Hungarian frontier revealed the worst roads they had so far encountered. They were bumpy and loose, so that a top speed of 30 m.p.h. became a comparative rarity. Petrol, he tells me, is everywhere good, moderate in price, and there are garages in practically each town and village of any size. To the motorist who wants to find a fresh ground for Continental touring this year he suggests that there is much of interest to be seen outside of France, and that although a smattering of German is desirable it is quite possible to get on without it. If, when touring in France, you hear a loud voice bawling at you from a passing car, take heed and go slow. The French police are trying a new experiment in connection with their campaign against reckless driving. They are installing loud-speakers on cars, which will patrol the roads and warn those whose conduct is considered reprehensible. This may seem novel to the point of bizarre, but it strikes me as likely to be one of those things they do better in France. It is certainly better than setting futile police traps on straight and deserted stretches of road, as we do in this country.

A NEW MODEL

The latest 9 h.p. Fiat model, fitted with a genuine English-built Weymann Saloon body. Careful attention has been given to the seating, which allows four persons to ride in comfort, a special feature being the front seats, which are adjustable and have adjustable back rests. This car is marketed at £250

* *
*

Mr. Bernard Rubin recently capped his fine performance at Brooklands on a 4½-litre Bentley in the six-hours endurance test by jointly piloting another Bentley to victory in the Sixth Grand Prix d'Endurance at Le Mans, driving alternately with Captain Woolf Barnato at an average speed of 69.5 m.p.h. and covering 1,668 miles in this gruelling 24 hour test. This is an interesting case of a sportsman being head of a commercial firm, for Mr. Bernard Rubin is chairman of Messrs. A. J. Wilson & Co., Ltd.

* *
*

His Highness the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, ever enshrined as "Ranji" in the hearts of cricketers the world over, has just ordered for his personal use a Wolseley 16-45 h.p. "Silent Six." Of the touring type, it is finished in white, with black wheels and mud-wings, and upholstered in red leather. E. M. Wright.

BOLS GOLD LIQUEURS SUPREME

Banks

28/7

The pace of modern life demands quiet moments away from the crowd. At such times the glow and exquisite flavour of Bols Curaçao will be found both soothing and warming.

Kümmel Curaçao Maraschino
Crème de Menthe Cherry Brandy
Dry Gin and Very Old Hollands Gin

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The Hall-Mark of Quality.

GRANT'S B. P.

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A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Distiller's Art.

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Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
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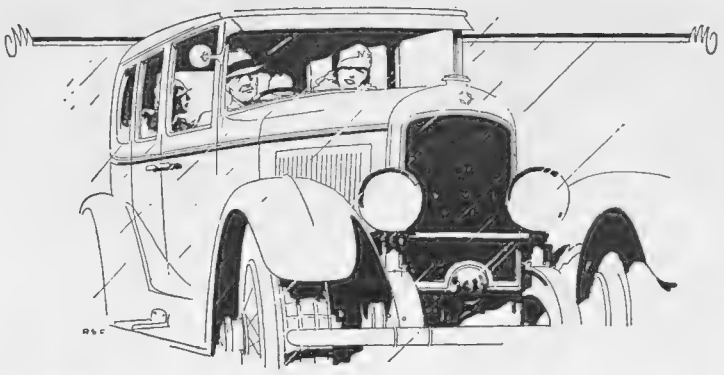

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Are you tempting providence with your windscreen and windows? Are they ordinary glass? If so, you keep off wind and rain at the risk of hideous injury.

An error of judgment, a slight collision —a bird or a stone on the windshield —and ordinary glass does deadly work. The slightest shock shatters it to fragments, blinding, tearing fragments dashed in your face.

There is only one safeguard, there is only one positive protection. Fit Triplex and be sure of safety. Triplex Glass cannot shatter under any shock. Triplex is unsplinterable.

You cannot refuse this protection. You cannot ignore the proof. Fit Triplex to the car you own. Insist on Triplex for the windshield and windows of the car you are buying. Triplex is your *practical* insurance against injury.

Fit TRIPLEX

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof *-and be safe*

This announcement has been submitted to and approved by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

BY APPOINTMENTS

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

No other perfume has quite the same exquisite freshness and charm as the lovely English fragrance of Lavender and no Lavender can quite equal the beauty of the famous Yardley Lavender.

It is the perfume of youth, it gives an added charm to the woman of fashion, and the gentlewoman of an older generation cherishes its quiet unassuming loveliness.

PER BOTTLE
From 3/-

DECANTERS
From 21/-

Lavender Soap (Box of three tablets) 2/6

Face Powder per box 1/9

Face Cream 1/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS, COIFFEURS & STORES

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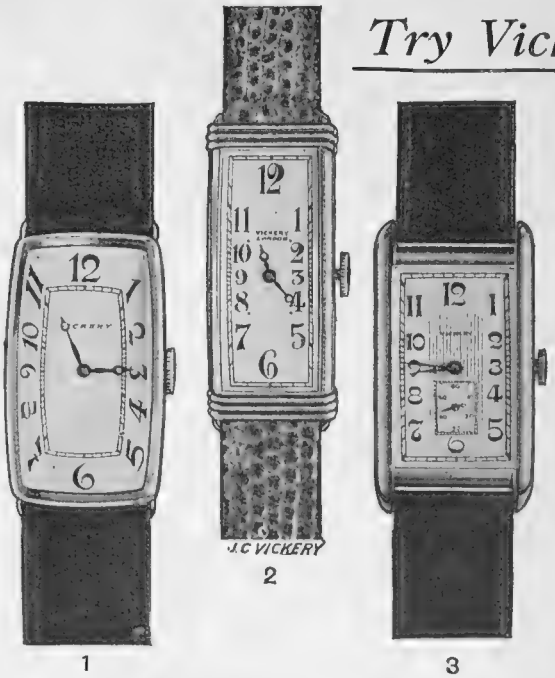

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By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

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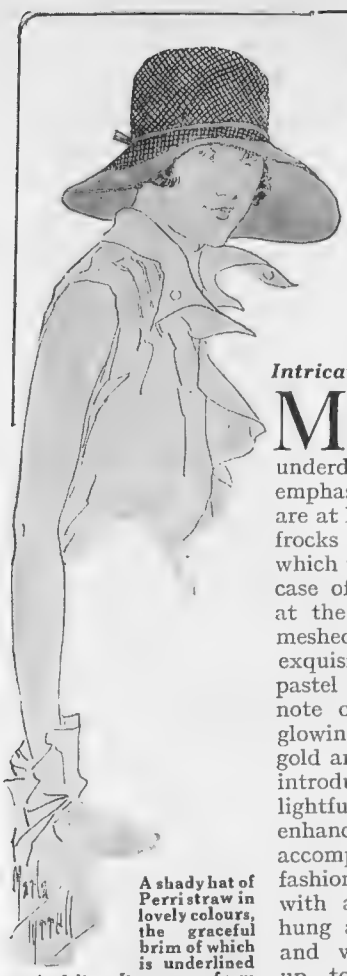
For further particulars apply to the Secretary of the College, 43-47, Harley Street, W.1.

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA



A shady hat of Perri straw in lovely colours, the graceful brim of which is underlined with felt. It comes from Woollands, of Knightsbridge

Perri straw and petersham ribbon are allied in the hat on the right, while natural Baku straw makes the other neat little affair. From Woollands

Intricate Underdresses

MANY times during the present season have the possibilities of underdresses been strongly emphasised. Quite often they are at least as important as the frocks they accompany—a fact which was demonstrated in the case of a beautiful gown seen at the Grand Prix. Of wide meshed net, the long tunic was exquisitely embroidered in pastel shades, the predominant note of which was a subtle, glowing pink, tinsel threads of gold and silver being discreetly introduced. In itself it was delightful, but its beauty was enhanced by the slip which accompanied it. This was fashioned of pink georgette, with a hem of black, which hung a little below the tunic and was carried up towards the waist in narrow panels, providing just the contrast which was necessary to throw into relief the delicate embroidery. The clever manipulation of the fragile black material turned a dress which was exceedingly simple in outline to a thing of intricate and elusive loveliness.

In Dual Guise

THERE, then, is an idea which will commend itself to women whose sense of colour and form is good, for by its aid the most simple little lace tunic could be turned into a "creation," and, what is more, one tunic could serve with a plain foundation for times when discretion in dress is indicated, or with an elaborate slip when called upon to make its appearance on festive occasions. Many, and most attractive, are the variations which might be played upon this theme. Two other charming conceits are worthy of note. One was a tiny diamond wrist watch, worn, not as one would expect, but as a fob, on a black moiré ribbon, held by a slender diamond bar brooch; and the other, a large, shady hat of cool, clear green, wreathed with most realistic water-lilies made of shell, delicately tinted, and beautifully formed.

Flattering Hats

FEW women will be able to resist the hats which are being offered at such favourable prices during the sale which is at present proceeding at Woollands, of Knightsbridge. Illustrated in the top left-hand corner of this page is a shady hat of Perri straw, the brim being underlined with felt, a narrow band of which encircles the crown. It may be obtained in all colours for 79*s.* 6*d.* Very neat and practical is the little affair of natural Baku straw, bound and trimmed with ribbons of two colours. This is available for only 59*s.* 6*d.* The third hat is a delightful combination of Perri straw and petersham ribbon. The scalloped crown comes down over a band of petersham, which appears again at the edge of the brim. This also costs 59*s.* 6*d.* In every other department equally attractive offers are being made.

The Ubiquitous Hankie

AT the foot of this page have been sketched some of the handkerchiefs for which Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street, are so justly famous. At the top there is a hankie of sheer linen with a woven border and a black and white cut-work letter. It has a hand-rolled hem, and the sale price is 18*s.* 6*d.* a dozen. Then there are silk handkerchiefs with coloured borders for 1*s.* 6*d.* each, and others of linen bordered with lace for 1*s.* 3*d.* each. A white *appliqué* flower adorns the coloured edge of hankies which are priced at 2*s.* 6*d.* each, while self-coloured ones, which have hand-rolled edges, are available for 1*s.* 3*d.* each. Sheer Irish linen handkerchiefs with a woven border and ¼-inch hemstitched hems cost 21*s.* a dozen, while for 2*s.* 3*d.* each one may purchase men's silk handkerchiefs with coloured striped borders.

The eloquence of inanimate things is admirably exemplified by handkerchiefs. These irreproachable ones come from Walpole Bros., New Bond Street

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Every Cloud . . .

EVERY cloud has a silver lining—and it is certainly far easier to find if one is not getting wet through while looking for it! Such a fate need overtake no one now, when weatherproofs are made so attractive, and so exceedingly light in weight. Illustrated on page viii is the "Charlton," which comes from Anderson's Rubber Co., 37, Queen Victoria Street, it is made of artificial silk, proofed with rubber, and is guaran-

Fortified against rain and coldness. The weatherproof of artificial silk comes from Anderson's Rubber Co., 37, Queen Victoria Street, while the wrap is one of the splendid bargains which may be secured at the Court Fur Stores, 266, Regent St.

teed to be absolutely waterproof. It is obtainable in various colours, the contrasting trimming being of shot silk. The deep pockets form a front belt—a shape which is particularly becoming. It costs only 45*s.* Waterproof hats in a variety of styles are available from 8*s.* 6*d.* Here, too, are to be found most amusing inflatable animals which are destined to be used on the sands or in the sea. They pack into a very small space, and may be obtained from 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fur Bargains

SUMMER sales are the time when winter furs should be bought, especially when such bargains are procurable as those to be found at the Court Fur Stores, 266-268, Regent Street, W. Illustrated at the head of this page is a very handsome wrap which would be suitable for day or evening wear. It is fashioned in a lovely fur which closely resembles real sable in appearance, and it has a most attractive lining. It costs—amazing though it seems—only £15, for which price may be procured a number of other wraps and coats in similar fur. Then there are silver foxes, reduced from 36 guineas to £23, and a large number of real foxes at 70*s.*, the original price being 6½ guineas. Real squirrel coats are offered at £55 instead of 100 guineas, while rich natural musquash coats have been reduced from 65 guineas to £36. These are only a few instances of the extraordinary bargains which may be secured.

Lovely Clothes for All Hours

PLEASANT indeed will be the lot of those women who take advantage of the sale at Rhonia's, 191, Regent Street, W., for here are to be found some really lovely suits and dresses for afternoon and evening wear. Sketched at the foot of this page are two frocks which admirably exemplify the originality of the styles always to be found there. In the foreground is an evening gown of black net, with the fashionable full skirt decorated with graduated bands. These appear again in a narrow slanting guise on the corsage. The huge tulle sash is held in place by rings of ebonite encrusted with *diamanté*. The other dress is of pale green satin, the full skirt, which lifts slightly at the back, being trimmed with pointed panels of *diamanté*. The large bow gives it the modified bustle effect which is Fashion's very latest suggestion.

An Excellent Offer

AN opportunity which should not be missed is afforded by the sale which is being held at Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street, W. A special offer is being made of 25 per cent. or 5*s.* in £1 off, for cash only. Their splendid collection of spring and summer hats is to be cleared, and an early visit is advisable.

For the Home

DURING the summer sale which is now in progress at Garroulds, 150-162, Edgware Road, reductions are being made in every department. Exceptional bargains in household linen may be secured, and, as everybody will realise, it affords a splendid opportunity to obtain nurses' uniforms and aprons.

Holiday Requirements

ALL those who pride themselves on clever shopping must visit D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, during their sale, which is in progress. Even money bargain day is on July 18, remnant days being July 13 and July 20. There are jumper suits for 21*s.*, knitted three-piece suits being 60*s.* Then, incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there are well-tailored coats and skirts of heather mixture tweed for 59*s.* 6*d.* The double-breasted coats are lined throughout with silk, while the plain skirts have two pleats at the left side.

Rhonia, 191, Regent Street, is responsible for these original little frocks. The one in the foreground is of black net, while pale green satin fashions the other, which has a novel skirt line, the huge bow giving it a distinct bustle effect

Sketches by Beta

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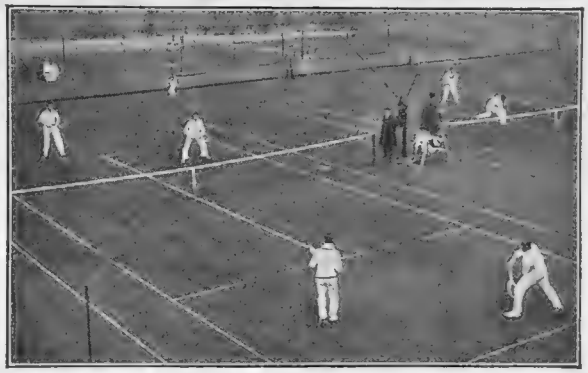

"En-Tout-Cas" Courts at the Carhullen Club, Plymouth, being used by the Argentine Davis Cup players.

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Not only in England, but in all countries where Tennis is a popular sport, "En-Tout-Cas" Courts are predominant. Orders have been received during the last few weeks for America, Canada, Florida, Spain, Italy, Germany and Austria. Players prefer "En-Tout-Cas" Courts.

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DOMINION VISITORS

A photograph taken on the occasion of the inspection of Messrs. Lambert and Butler's factory at Fulham by the Dominion Farmers who have been visiting this country. It is at this factory that the new "Rhodian" (Rhodesian Virginia) Cigarettes are made

Progress at Lowestoft

Both the South Pier and Claremont Pier at Lowestoft have been considerably improved since last summer, a new concert hall on the latter being opened last week. Normanston Park, consisting of 45 acres of wooded parkland, has been transformed into a pleasure park, including tennis courts, bowling greens, cricket ground, and a large and ornamental boating lake. Owing to the fact that over 250,000 people made use of the Corporation bathing station last year, additional concrete chalets, including shower baths, dressing-rooms, etc., have been built. Other improvements have been made in Denes Sports Park, at Sparrow's Nest, and at Oulton Broad.

Wireless and Dancing

Great Fosters Hall—that magnificent Tudor mansion which has been converted into a modern fashionable hotel—was recently the scene of one of the biggest balls of the year. Over two thousand guests were present, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and Prince George. A brilliant cabaret show was given for the entertainment of the guests, the Coldstream Guards played selections during supper, and dancing took place in a large marquee on the lawn. In order that all the guests scattered over the extensive grounds should hear the entertainments, Amplion public speech equipment was used with entire success. In addition to those in the grounds, loud speakers were also installed in a big marquee in the car park so that the waiting chauffeurs might also hear the music.

An Exhibition at Olympia

The Chocolate and Confectionery Exhibition at Olympia, Kensington, organised by the Manufacturing Confectioners' Alliance, Incorporated, the national association of the trade, and which is now taking place, is the first national exhibition devoted solely to confectionery and its manufacture, and fulfils a long required need for an annual exhibition on a scale corresponding with the importance of the trade. Judged from the point of view of employment alone, the confectionery trade ranks high among home industries. On the manufacturing side it finds employment for about 100,000 workpeople, whilst many thousands are engaged in distributing its products to different parts. Although primarily promoted for trade purposes, this interesting exhibition is attracting much public attention. It is open daily from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. until July 17, the price of admission being one shilling.

AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION

A group taken at the official reception by the Austrian Government of the distinguished international jury in the world-wide composers' contest for the Schubert Centenary Prizes, totalling four thousand pounds, presented by the Columbia Graphophone Company. The Austrian President, Dr. Michael Hainisch, is seated in the centre

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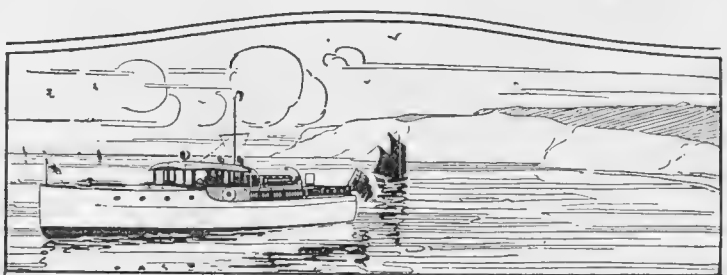

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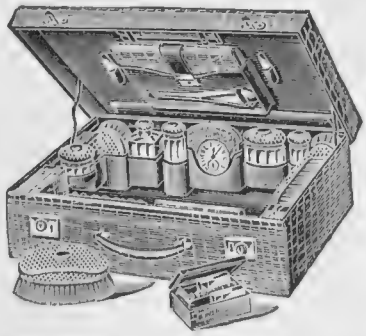

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Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 54), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

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Dried Haddock and Tomatoes (a Breakfast Dish).
Tomato Jelly.
Ripe Tomato Chutney.

Tomatoes en Surprise

Select tomatoes of even size, cut them in halves, and scoop out the centres; in each one lay a fresh uncooked egg without breaking the yolk. Dust with salt and pepper and cover each with a spoonful of rich white sauce, and then with grated cheese. Put in a hot oven, and cook till the eggs are set.

Dried Haddock and Tomatoes

Remove the skin and bones from a cooked dried haddock, and chop the flesh in rather large pieces. Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a frying-pan, slice into it one small onion, and fry a golden brown. Cut half a pound of tomatoes in slices, add to the onion, and cook all together for twenty minutes. Add last of all the fish and a good sprinkling of pepper. Stir over the fire for a few minutes. Have ready a quarter of a pound of rice which has been boiled for a quarter of an hour: arrange a wall of it on a dish, pile the fish and tomatoes inside, and sprinkle over some finely chopped parsley. Serve hot.

Tomato Jelly

Boil together one pound of tomatoes, one slice of onion, a bay leaf, and a little thyme until the tomatoes are soft. Then add half an ounce of gelatine which has been dissolved in half a cupful of water, and stir into the tomato. Strain, and put into a border mould to set. Serve with the centre of the jelly ring filled with cooked peas, mixed with mayonnaise. Turn out and garnish with shredded lettuce.

Ripe Tomato Chutney

Four pounds of ripe tomatoes, two pounds of apples, two ounces of crushed mustard seed, a quarter of a pound of salt, two ounces of garlic, three ounces of root ginger, two pounds of Demerara sugar, one pound of sultanas, two quarts of vinegar. The ingredients should be weighed after they are prepared for cooking. Peel and slice the tomatoes, peel and core the apples, crush the mustard seed, peel and mince the garlic, scrape the ginger root, pick over and clean the sultanas. Put all the ingredients into a preserving pan and boil till tender, and of good consistency for chutney. Put into hot jars or bottles, cover with air-tight coverings, and store for use.

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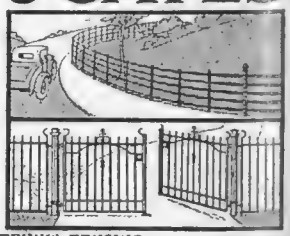

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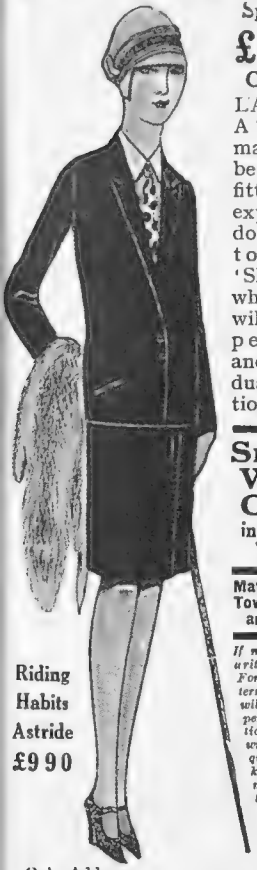

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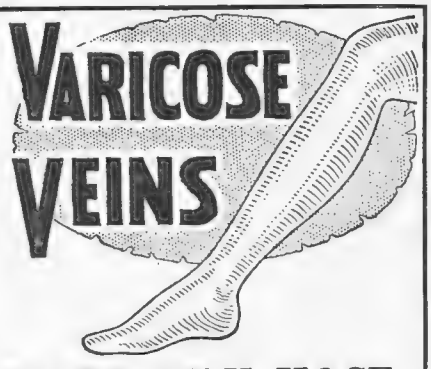

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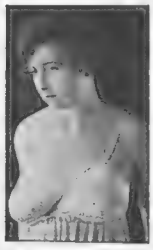

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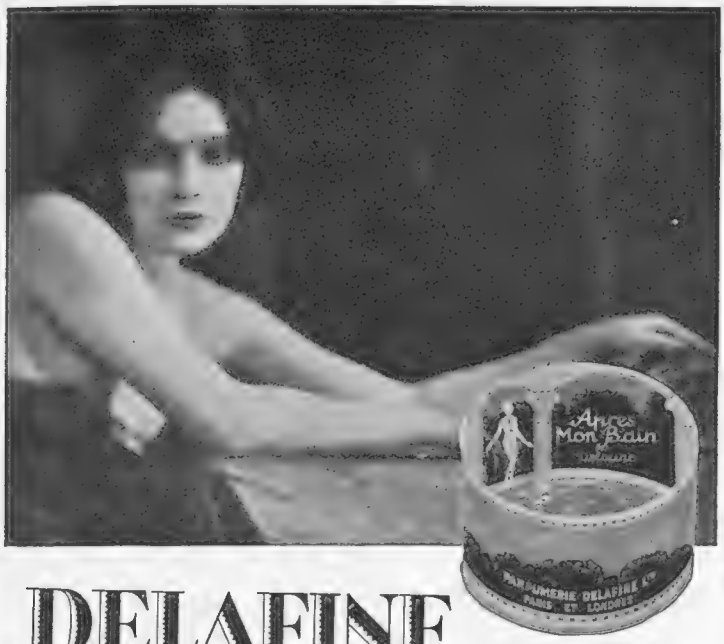

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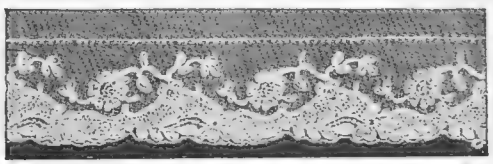

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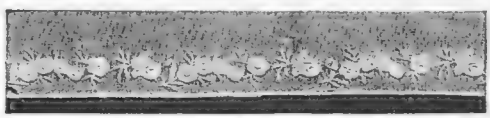

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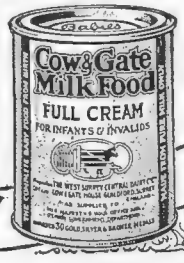

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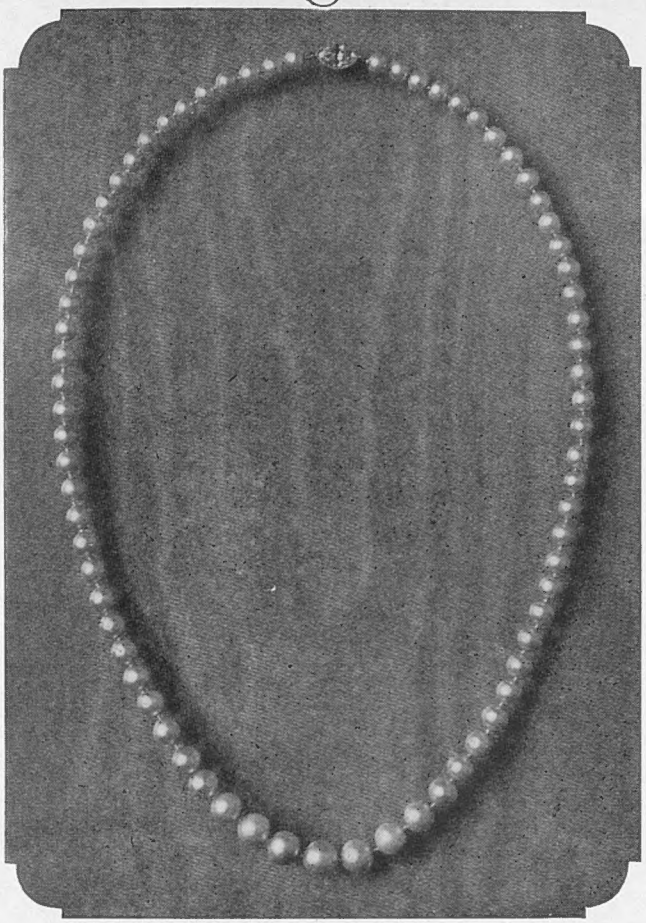

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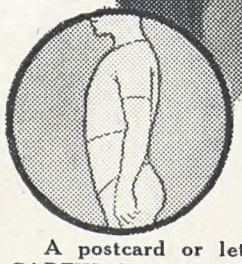

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'Duggie' explains~

"Lost Telegrams."

Sir Edward : "Colonel Cheriton was telling me at the Club the other day that he recently wired a commission for Glommen to his agent. His horse won; but, poor chap, his wire never reached his agent. The Telegraph Department admitted it was never delivered—got held up somewhere—and in accordance with his agent's rules he wasn't 'on.' What rules have you covering this point?"

Duggie : "My rule distinctly states that I guarantee payment in full over wires which, through the fault of the Post Office, are lost in transmission."

Sir Edward : "Another very extraordinary incident occurred to Lord Finchley. He wired 'a hundred' on a horse, and when the telegram was received the stake had been left out. His agent's rules stated that wires were dealt with as received, and consequently he had no bet! Deuced hard luck! Now, what would have happened if you had been Finchley's agent?"

Duggie : "Immediately I received the telegram I would have had it 'repeated.'"

Sir Edward : "Yes? But suppose when you got the repetition the stake was still omitted?"

Duggie : "Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately."

Sir Edward : "Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted?"

Duggie : "Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuse to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead."

Sir Edward : "Very fair indeed. Will you send your rules to Colonels Cheriton and Finchley?"

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients.

"Duggie" is waiting to open an account with YOU

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